FEATURING: BILAL, BURNHAM, XALABARDER, CARDOSELLI, BECKS, SPERLONGA, OZKAN & MORE!

HEAVY METAL

#264

THE WORLD'S FOREMOST ADULT ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

ISSUE #264 $7.95
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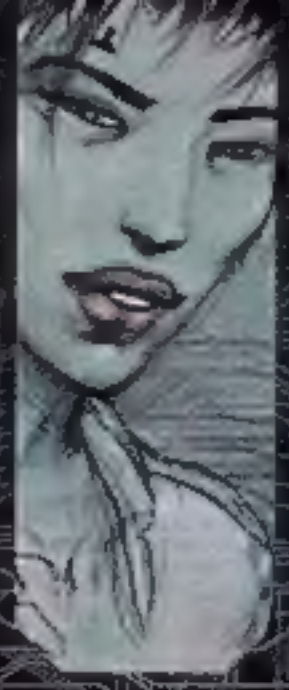
THE WILD WILD BEST

HEAVY METAL



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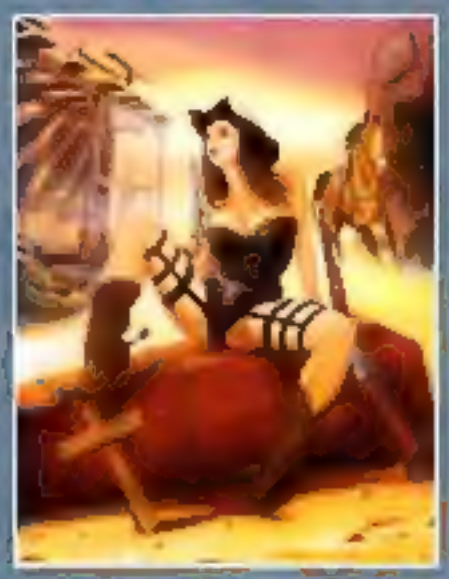

"WIDOWMAKER"

LORENZO SPERLONGA

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ANIMAL'Z

PART 4

By Enki BILAL

I STILL HAVE THE SLIGHTEST CONFIDENCE IN YOU, HIPPOCAMPUS... BUT HOW DID YOU NOT SEE THE PASSING WHALES, NEAR ENOUGH TO CURL OUR MUSTACHES? AND THEN YOU ANNOUNCE THE COLLISION THOSE SECONDS AFTER IT TOOK PLACE...

... WHAT WILL YOU DO IF THE PIRATES STUMBLE UPON US? ... COME ON ...

VESSEL APPROACHING... I ANNOUNCE THAT A SHIP APPROACHES, PORT SIDE!

TOO LATE!

!?

SHIP'S ALREADY HERE, AND IT'S STARBOARD SIDE... I'M SORRY...

I'M WRONG... ARE YOU ADRIFT?

I CAN HIDE NOTHING FROM YOU, MADEMOISELLE... I PRESENT: LESTER OUTSIDE, OCCASIONAL DINGHY.

NICE TO MEET YOU... KIM OWLES, RESCUE GIRL. ALSO OCCASIONALLY... ARE YOU ALONE?

THERE'S NO ONE MORE ALONE THAN ME IN ALL THE WORLD...

YOU'RE LUCKY THAT I SPOTTED YOU BEFORE NIGHTFALL ... I TOOK IT UPON MYSELF TO TURN THE SHIP ... MY FATHER MAY NOT APPRECIATE THAT..

YOUR NAME, YOU SAID IT'S "OWLES"... AS IN FERDINAND OWLES ?

LONG AGO, NIETZSCHE SAID: "MAN IS A ROPE STRETCHED BETWEEN THE ANIMAL AND THE SUPERHUMAN. A ROPE OVER AN ABYSS..." IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE FALLING INTO THE ABYSS, BEAUTIFUL LADY ...

I'VE READ ABOUT THESE MAN-DOLPHIN HYBRIDIZATIONS ... THE SCIENTIFIC ARROGANCE DISMAYS ME, AND YET I ADMIT THE DECADENT SELF-INDULGENCE IS ALLURING...

ANYWAY, I DILIGENTLY PRACTICE THE ART OF SOLITUDE, AND FOR THE MOMENT YOUR SILENCE SUITS ME... SO LET'S TRAVEL A BIT OF ROAD TOGETHER... UP TO S47, FOR EXAMPLE.

HERE WE ARE, SIR: S'RAH 47 !

BRAVO, PINCH ME, SO I CAN COUNT ON YOUR VIGILANCE!

YOU CAN— HOW IS YOUR COFFEE THIS MORNING, SIR?

SALTY... DISGUSTING! BUT THIS IS A GOOD SIGN. I'M BECOMING HUMAN... TOMORROW I GO BACK TO FRESH WATER ...

WELCOMING COMMITTEE, PERHAPS?

WELCOMING COMMITTEE.

WELL, WELL ...

THE STRAIT IS CONTAMINATED! DEADLY EPIDEMIC, PEOPLE DROPPING LIKE FLIES!

WHAT EPIDEMIC?

I DON'T KNOW, I'M NOT A DOCTOR! BUT IT SPREADS FAST AND IT HURTS... I BARELY ESCAPED!

AND THAT SMOKE THERE, WHAT IS IT?

MILITARY, BURNING THE BODIES OF THE DEAD! THEY'RE SECURING THE AREA, DO NOT APPROACH THEM!

ARE THERE MANY OF YOU ON BOARD?

THERE'S ENOUGH!

WELL, I SUGGEST YOU GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE! THERE ARE SAFE PASSAGES TO THE SOUTH ! AS FOR ME, I'M LEAVING RIGHT NOW!

THANKS FOR THE ADVICE.

Bad actor, bad lines, it all stinks of being a bad lie... Strait 17 does not like intruders...

WE'LL HAVE TO FORCE OUR WAY IN, PUNCH ME.

I'M READY SIR.

BACON ?

YEAH, FRANK BACON

WHAT'S HE LOOK LIKE?

ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD, CROPPED HAIR, HOARSE VOICE, INDEFINABLE ACCENT ..

AND .. NO ONE ELSE ON BOARD, ARE YOU SURE?

I ONLY DEALT WITH HIM .. BUT WHILE I WAS SAILING BACK. UPON REFLECTION, I THINK I FELT ANOTHER PRESENCE ..

THAT WOULD EXPLAIN POZZANO'S SILENCE...

YOU'RE PART OF THE SAME CONTACT SAME NETWORK?

NO QUESTIONS. NO LETTER OF MY FATHER RETURNS TO THE WATER ..

I'M COUNTING ON YOU, KIM, TO PREVENT THAT

DO YOU KNOW THAT IN MY LIFE BEFORE, I HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO CREATE YOUR PORTRAIT FOR ONE OF THE LAST BIG DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN EUROPE?

PHOTO PORTRAIT ?

PAINTED PORTRAIT

MODELED FOR YOU?

NO. REFERENCED A PHOTO REMEMBER THAT SHERLOCK DISSECTED THE WIFE OF THE [illegible]

IT WAS THE YEAR WHEN TIME MAGAZINE NAMED HITLER MAN OF THE YEAR WHAT'S ULTIMATE HYBRIS NOW?

FASHION

AND JOVE SOOO HEAD FOR YOU
SCRAVELLY JOVE HEAD REGIONS
JAVELIN A LITTLE FIGHT
NADINE MARNAL HOT FISH

ROAD ACROSS
THOTH
SURROUNDED BY WHITE
VERBAL DIARRHEA
WILLIAM HAILEY SAID
"SUDAN IS ONE OF THE
MOST HOPEFUL FOOD
BUT APPROPRIATE
AND ONE YOU HAVE TO
TELL ME YOUR STORY

ALRIGHT. SO AWHILE BACK, I GET WORD FROM A GUY WHO KNOWS A GUY WHO TORTURED AND KILLED ANOTHER GUY THAT A SHIPMENT OF SOME K'NDA CRAZY SPACE METH IS HEADED OUT THROUGH THE AMIGARA ROCK FIELD.

ME AN' THE BOYS CAMP OUT THERE FOR A FEW DAYS, AND SURE ENOUGH, WHAT SHOULD COME PUTTERIN' THROUGH THE PEBBLES BUT AN OLD STEEZER FREIGHTER.

CLASSIC DRUG RUNNER BOAT - ALLA THEM LEAD PIPES MAKE 'EM PERFECT FOR SMUGGLIN' PILLS, POWDER, AND WHATEVER ELSE YA WANNA KEEP SECRET FROM PRYIN' X-RAYS.

MILK RUN

THUNK UP & PLUNKED DOWN BY *CHRIS BURNHAM*

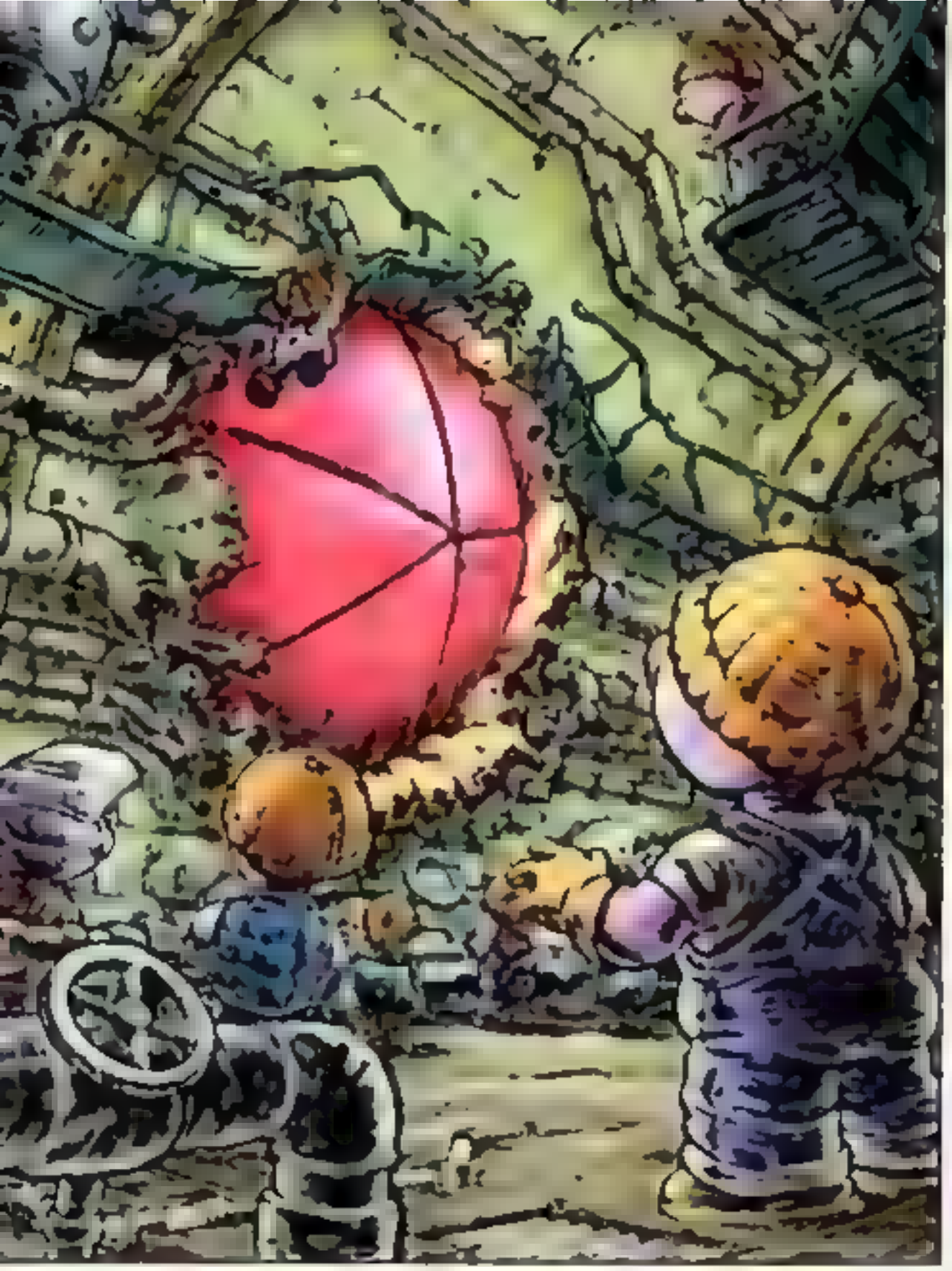
COLORED IN BY *MARK ENGLERT*

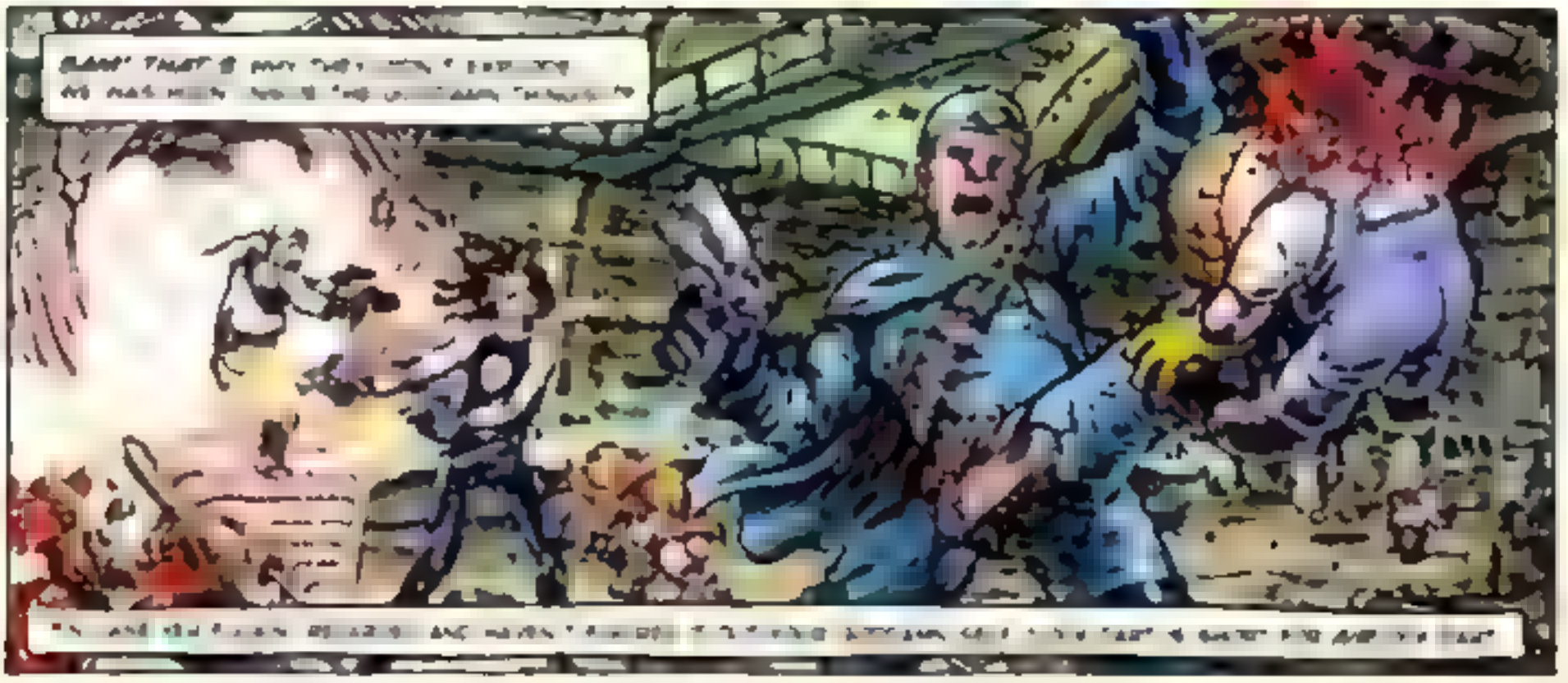
WE WAIT FOR IT TO GET UP CLOSE, AND *BAM!* WE SHOOT OUR WAD OF *'LOCK DARTS* AT THE THING.

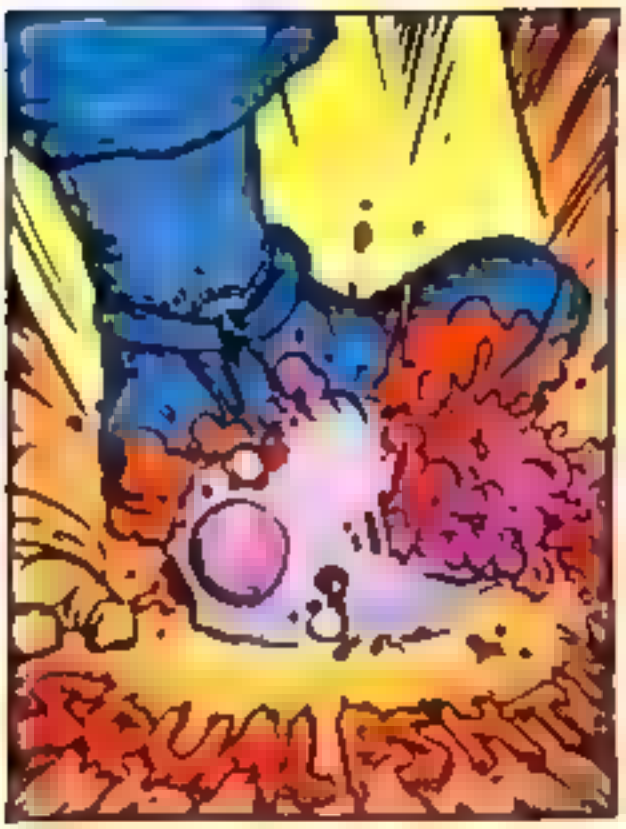
HAD THESE THINGS MADE SPECIAL BY A GUY I KNOW, AND LEMME TELL YA, THEY'RE WORTH EVERY OUNCE OF SMACK, CRANK, BOOZE, AND WHORES I TRADED FOR 'EM.

AS ALWAYS, THEY WORKED LIKE A CHARM.

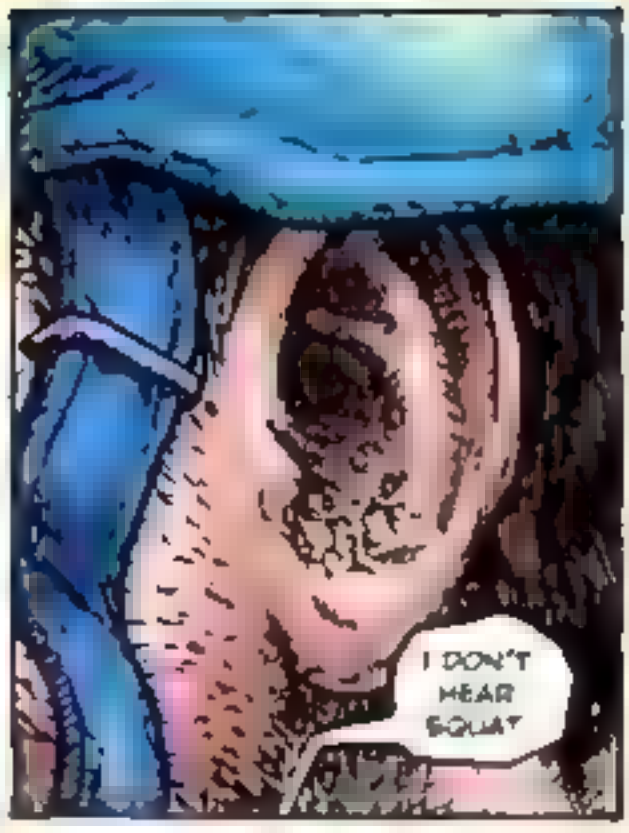
"HOWCOME THEY AIN'T BLOWIN' UP," YA ASKS ME? HOLD YER FUCKING *HORSES* AND TURN THE GODDAMN PAGE, YOU IMPATIENT CUNT

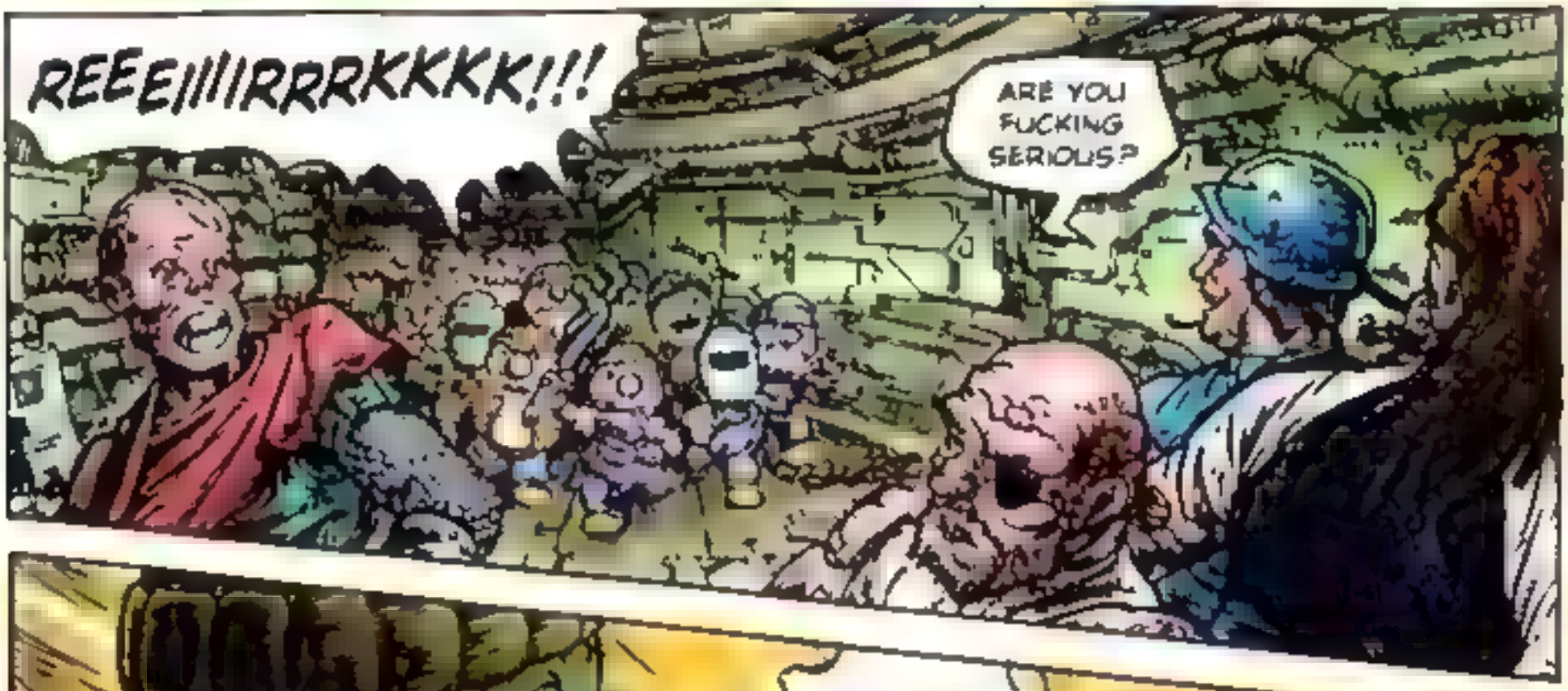






DID YOU HEAR THAT?
HEH. SOUNDED LIKE ONE OF YOUR MOTHER'S PERIOD QUEEFS.
NOT THAT AROUND THE CORNER.


I DON'T HEAR SQUAT


REEE!!!IRRRKKKK!!!
ARE YOU FUCKING SERIOUS?

THEM CUTE LITTLE BUGGERS ARE FIERCE!
HAHAHA! KILL 'EM AGAIN!

THEY'RE STILL COMIN'!

IT MUST BE THE DRUGS! THESE FUCKERS CAN'T FEEL PAIN!

GET 'EM OFF GEDDEMOFF GEDDEMMM

ENOUGH!!!

HOLY SHIT

THIS DRUG IS GONNA BE FUCKING CRAZY!

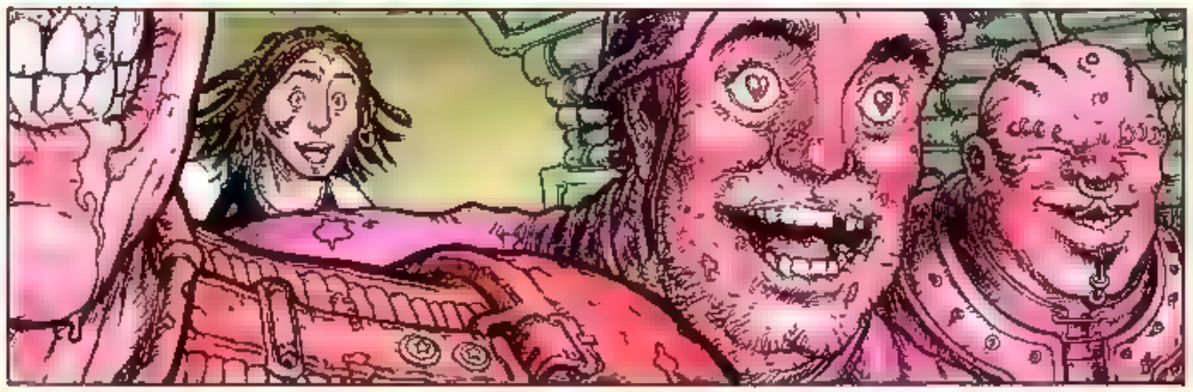
WHILE OUR CRACKERS ARE OPENING UP THIS GIANT VAULT DOOR, THE REST OF US MET UP FOR A LITTLE MID-OP CORPSE COUNT. TURNS OUT THOSE LITTLE FUCKERS KILLED ALMOST HALF OUR MEN.

A GODDAMN SHAME, SURE, BUT IT MEANT THAT OUR TAKES WOULD BE DOUBLED, SO WE WEREN'T WEEPIN' TOO LOUD.

IF THIS SPACE SMACK COULD TURN THOSE LITTLE TEDDY BEAR STEELERS INTO DEATH DEALIN' JUGGERNAUTS, WE COULD ONLY IMAGINE WHAT IT WOULD DO TO US. AND HOW MUCH IT WOULD FETCH ON THE OPEN MARKET.

AND AS CRAZY AS WE THOUGHT THIS STUFF WAS GOING TO BE...

..WE DIDN'T EVEN GUESS THE HALF OF IT.



FED HER THE LINE THAT I WAS BUCK BRADDOCK, HEAD OF THE SPACE LEGION, DEDICATED TO PEACE AND FREEDOM ACROSS THE UNIVERSE OR WHATEVER. WORKS GREAT ON PRISONER CHICKS.

OW!

MY BUBBIES ARE SORE.

SHE WAS PLAYING HARD TO GET SO I HAD TO LAY IT ON THICK.

I ONLY WISH JUST WISH ALL OF MY COMPATRIOTS HAD LIVED TO SEE THIS. SO MANY GOOD MEN. THEY KNEW THEY WERE PUTTING THEIR LIVES ON THE LINE... JUST SNIFF

OH, MY IF THERE'S ANYTHING WE CAN DO TO REPAY YOU...

YOU'RE GODDAMN RIGHT THERE WAS.

LORENZO SPERLONGA

Lorenzo Sperlonga has been a *Heavy Metal* cover artist for 13 years. If you've been a reader of our magazine anytime over the past decade, you've probably seen quite a bit of his work!

Lorenzo was born in Rome in 1969. He started as a graphic designer at the end of the '80s, and believe it or not, his first paid gig was a series of illustrations for children's fairy tales!

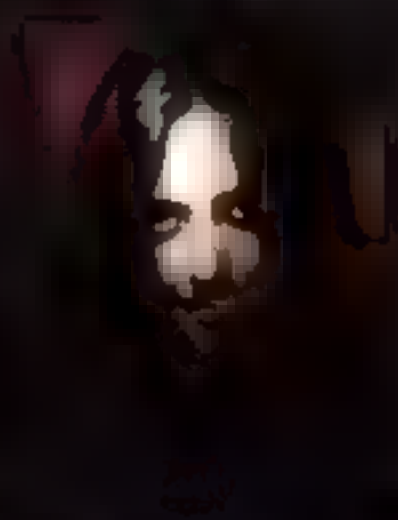
He has since gone on to have an illustrious career that eventually brought him to America in 1997. He currently lives in Los Angeles with his gorgeous wife Tania, and their three cats.

Lorenzo's sexy pin-ups and fantasy visions have been featured in countless publications around the world, such as *Hustler* here in the U.S. as well as *Playboy* and *Penthouse* in Europe. His sensual and exotic creations have been featured on just about every kind of merchandise you can imagine.

Shortly after beginning his career as a designer, Lorenzo discovered that it was much more fun to paint scantily clad ladies than Pinocchio, and so he began creating covers for Italian fumetti. This proved to be the beginning of a successful illustration career that eventually brought him to America in 1997. He currently lives in Los Angeles with his gorgeous wife Tania, and their three cats.

In this gallery we proudly present a few of the 158 paintings Lorenzo created for "Steampunk Dolls and Femmes Fatales," whetting your appetite with a small sample of what his new book is all about. Ladies in sexy lingerie... and more often without it! A collection of babes with impossible womanly skin-tight garments and gravity defying breasts. That's the way he likes them (and really, who can blame him?)

He's also released four art books: "The Art of Lorenzo Sperlonga" (2002), "Dirty Works" (2005), "Poison Apples" (2006), and the latest, "Steampunk Dolls and Femmes Fatales," premiered recently at the San Diego Comic Con in July, 2013.



To see more of his artwork, visit his site: LorenzoSperlonga.com or even better – buy his books at HeavyMetal.com!

GALLERY

A JOB DONE WELL

BURLESQUE

RED SQUARE

THE BARONESS

THE TIME TRAVELER

THE WITCH

THE ODALISQUE

TRIAL & PUNISHMENT of NATHAN BORT

MOMMY WHY DOES NATHAN BEAT ME SO OFTEN?
WELL HE DOES SO
HE DOES SO
HE DOES SO BECAUSE HE LOVES YOU
YES NATHAN LOVES YOU A LOT, SWEETIE HE WANTS YOU TO BE AN OBEDIENT GIRL WHO RESPECTS HER ELDER
YOU'RE RIGHT HE ONLY BEATS ME WHEN I DON'T WANNA DO WHAT HE ASKS ME TO DO
OF COURSE I'M RIGHT WHY SHOULD I LIE TO YOU?
I'M YOUR MOMMY RIGHT? AND WHO LOVES YOU MORE THAN MOMMY?
MOMMY, WHAT'S THIS BEVERAGE? NATHAN SAYS THAT YOU ADORE THIS BEVERAGE NATHAN SAYS THAT IT'S A SACRED ELIXIR THAT MAKES MEN FEEL LIKE GODS AND WOMEN LIKE FAIRY QUEENS
HA, HA, HA!! WHAT A BASTARD!
WELL, YOU'LL SEE NATHAN'S WRONG ON THIS POINT THIS IS NOT A SACRED BREW, BELIEVE ME SWEETIE IT ISN'T THOUGH IT CERTAINLY HAS SOME TOUCH OF MAGIC IF YOU DRINK ENOUGH OF IT ITS SPIRITS MAKE SHIT A LOT MORE TOLERABLE
YOU KNOW ? I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME WE BUY YOU SOME SEXY CLOTHING OTHERWISE NO BOY IS GOING TO PAY ATTENTION TO YOU
AND YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO ESCAPE FROM THIS PUTRID HOLE EVER

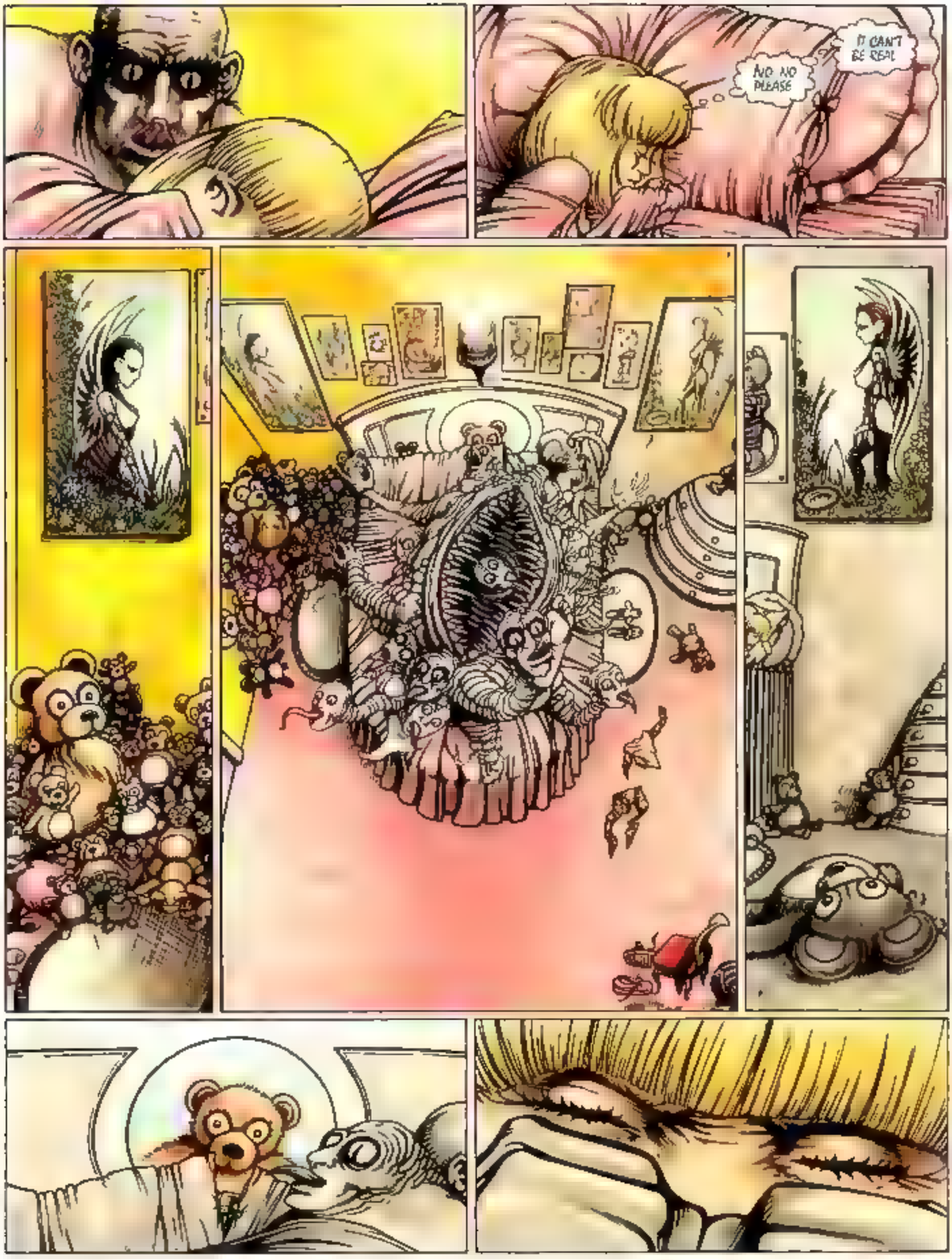
BY FERRAN XALABARDER

IT ISN'T REAL

IT ISN'T REAL

IT ISN'T REAL

IT ISN'T REAL


NO NO PLEASE
IT CAN'T BE REAL

AND THIS HAPPENED ALMOST EVERY NIGHT SINCE I WAS THIRTEEN.

THOUGH THE TIMES WHEN I TRIED TO RESIST WERE THE WORST OF THEM ALL

BUT SINCE THE THRASHING WAS DAMAGING "THE MERCHANDISE"

HE MADE UP OTHER MORE "SUBTLE" WAYS TO MAKE ME OBEY

DID YOU LIKE THE MAGIC BREW?

HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW, PRINCESS?

IT FEELS AS IF IT WAS MADE OF LIQUID COTTON.

OH WONDERFUL!

AT FIRST THE MAGIC FELT LIKE FIRE IN MY THROAT. BUT NOW I FEEL I'M FLOATING IN A LIGHT BEAM

EVERYTHING SHINES AND MY BODY ISN'T HEAVY ANYMORE

AND WHAT ABOUT THE FAIRIES' MEDICINE?

STUFFED WITH HUGE DOSES OF APHRODISIAC **HAPPINESS PILLS**, WHICH MIXED WITH ALCOHOL MAKE A POWERFUL HALLUCINOGEN, I UTTERLY LOST ANY NOTION OF REALITY

LOOK LOOK! I CAN EVEN FLY!

YES, YOUR UTOPIAN HONOR, THAT NEANDERTHAL IN A TUXEDO DOWN THERE DISCOVERED A GENUINE MINE OF GOLD TO ROUND UP WITH A BIG SPLASH HIS BASIC UTOPIAN SUBSIDY

AT THE BEGINNING HE **SHARED** ME WITH HIS SIDEKICKS DURING **GLADIORBALL GAMES** BUT THOSE **SCUMBAGS BECAME REGULARS**, SO HE STARTED **CHARGING THEM FOR MY SERVICES** AND THE **RUMOR** SPREAD AROUND

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR ME TO BECOME A **PROSTITUTE** WITH **PLENTY OF EXPERIENCE**

SOME DAYS, FIFTEEN OR TWENTY MEN AND WOMEN TOOK ADVANTAGE OF MY BODY WHILE **MY DRUGGED MIND** BELIEVED THAT I WAS **PLAYING WITH MY CHILDHOOD FRIENDS**

NOWADAYS, I STILL WONDER HOW I WAS CAPABLE OF RUNNING AWAY FROM SUCH A HELL WITHOUT GOING **COMPLETELY MAD**

All right then after witnesses' examination, may the defendant raise

Although your behavior seems to me so immoral and absolutely defenseless, Mr Bort, do you have something to say in your own defense?

First of all, I would like to say that this trial is the most hypocritical hoax I've seen in my life. You are the immoral here, you who seeks to judge me in the name of this rotten society. A society which encourages sexual jumble on a big scale and where sex is the oxygen that makes it run. This society instructs school girls on how to put condoms for the first primate's libido they even teach them the Kama Sutra!! And you, as a judge of this pantomime, dare to consider my behavior immoral? Go find someone who examines you, your Excellency Hypocritical Honor! Since I started kindergarten, this society has been teaching me that we are here to fornicate. I simply put the theory to work. As the Utopian propaganda goes, fucking is the most natural thing in the world, isn't it? So let's be natural. Old Romans, not to mention the Greeks, were big followers of such a therapy. They tamponed whatever whole they found within range, any sex and without turning up their nose at any age. Apparently the only immoral thing for them was a patrician being sodomized by a plebeian or oral sex. You see, I've read so in the Universal Encyclopedia of the Illustrated Sex, at hand of any little boy or girl in the Utopian Public Library of the Intranet.

And I didn't mention the Romans for no reason. No. I've done so, so that you can see that I am not one of these uncultured yokels you, elite fools, enjoy burning at the stake for the sake of Utopia.

The truth is that I don't know why she's sued me after all these years. Look at her, your Honor. Take a good look.

Don't you see a winner sitting there? It looks like what I taught her opened her plenty of doors in life. Don't you think?

Are you done? Yes? Very well. Mr Bort, you can shield as much as you like behind our society's flaws. But I'll keep thinking that you have the moral stature of a slug.

And this means being very cruel with poor slugs.

Leaving personal opinions aside, it is not your cultural standards that we are judging here, not even your moral conduct. What we are judging today here is your conduct in front of the law. And in this extremely permissive, decadent and defects-full society of ours, it's still a crime to do any of the many monstrosities you inflicted on Ms Frostheart. Maybe in the Romans' age your attitude was legal, or perhaps it will be legal again in the future. But right now, for the power granted to me by the Utopian State of the Pelicans Island

Yes I'd like to unleash three or four truths

All right go ahead

Thank you very much his Excellency, your Honor or whatever the heck you are. Because I don't know what's the legitimacy of a judge with white dreadlocks. Damn! You look like a merino wool sheep rather than a judge! Oh well. I hope once all this is over, you'll tell me what tasteless movie did you escape from.

And following the reciprocity law in force...

I sentence defendant Nathan Bort to

YES, MY DEAR HOLO-SPECTATORS! BROADCAST CITIZENS! WE GOT A DECISION! APPLYING THE RECIPROCITY LAW, THAT NEANDERTHAL PREDATOR WHICH IS AN OFFENCE WITH HAIR AND LEGS FOR ANY MODERN WOMAN, WILL BE TRANSFORMED INTO A FEMALE AND

IMPRISONED IN THE UTOPIAN PENITENTIARY WITH THE HIGHEST POPULATION OF RAPISTS, DEVIANTS AND OTHER MENTALLY UNBALANCED GENDERCIDE PERPETRATORS ENEMIES OF THE GLORIOUS FEMININE GENDER. THIS WAY, OUR BELOVED AND HAIR UTOPIAN STATE WILL

COMPEL HIM TO SUFFER ON HIS OWN CONVERTED FLESH THE HELL THAT HE FORCED MS FROSHEART, OUR NATIVE SISTER, TO ENDURE AND ATTENTION, THERE IS MORE TO COME YET! YOUR BELOVED COREY! I MEAN, "HOY" WITH HER BIG HEART IN FULL AND OTHER

PARTS OF HER PERFECT ANATOMY HAS ACHIEVED THAT THE AESTHETICS COMPANY IN CHARGE OF THE FEMINIZATION PROCESS WILL LET ITS DOORS IN THE OPEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR YOU. YES MY HOLO GIRLFRIENDS! COREY THE ONE WHO LOVES YOU THE MOST. BRINGS YOU A NEW SCOOP!

EXCLUSIVE FOR YOUR EYES ONLY!!

AS YOU CAN SEE, THIS IS THE FIRST STAGE OF THE WHOLE PROCESS. HERE, THE BODY OF THE CONVICTED ENTERS INTO THE SYSTEM WHERE, IT WILL BE WASHED, MEASURED, STUDIED AND REDESIGNED WITH AN ESPECIAL PROGRAM. IMMEDIATELY AFTER, IT WILL RECEIVE AN INTEGRAL THERAPY OF GENETIC DEPILATION, AND SUBSEQUENTLY GO THRU THE REMOVAL OF ITS SPARE ORGANIC PARTS. THESE PARTS THAT CAN NOT BE REUSED IN THE PROCESS WILL BE RECYCLED AND TURNED INTO DOG-FOOD.

NO, NO, NO. YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!!!

AND THIS IS FIDO! HE IS OUR OFFICIAL TASTER OF THE DAY. SAY HI TO THE CAMERA, FIDO.

YES! THIS ONE IS OUR HERO GIRLS!

FIDO IS GOING TO EAT THAT DEGENERATE'S LITTLE-THING!

GOOD BYE, LITTLE-THING!

SAYONARA!

THIS IS THE STAGE OF INSERTION OF EXTERNAL ELEMENTS. HERE, THE HORMONAL MAP OF THE CONVICTED WILL BE ADJUSTED IN ORDER TO WORK LIKE A WOMAN. AFTER THAT, SOME OF ITS SPARE ABDOMINAL FATTINESS WILL BE RELOCATED IN ITS PECTORALS. AND AS THE FINAL STEP OF THE STAGE, THE BIONIC PROSTHESIS REQUIRED TO FULFILL ITS NEW DESIGN WILL BE IMPLANTED. IN THIS CASE: AN AUTO-ADJUSTABLE BIONIC VAGINA MODEL 3-X-B200, AN INTRAMUSCULAR CORSET SLENDY-PLUS 32 TO FEMINIZE HIS WAIST AS WELL AS NAILS, SILKY HAIR GRAFTS, SUCKER LIPS AND BIMBO STYLE EYELASHES.

MAYBE I SHOULD ALSO GET HOLD OF ONE OF THOSE SLENDY-PLUS!

WHAT DO YOU THINK, GIRLS?

I'M WAITING FOR YOUR CALLS!

AND THIS IS THE LAST STAGE, THE ONE WE CALL "FINAL SHAPING AND PACKING". HERE IS WHERE ALL THE ELEMENTS INSERTED INDIVIDUALLY DURING THE PROCESS FIT TOGETHER. THEY ARE POLISHED, MOLDED AND SCULPTED ALL TOGETHER TO ACHIEVE THE DESIRED EXCELLENCE. TO ROUND IT OFF, WE SUBJECT THE BODY TO TWO CONSECUTIVE BATHS, ONE OF LOW STRENGTH LIQUID MICROWAVES, TO ERADICATE ALL THE IMPURITIES AND UNDESIRED SCARS, AND ONE OF ENRICHED PROTEINS AFTERWARDS. THE FINAL BODY IS DRIED OFF, PERFUMED AND PACKED. AND THIS, MY DEAR COREY, IS THE COMPLETE PROCESS.

HEY DEAR COREY!

I LIKE HOW IT SOUNDS! WHEN DO YOU GET OUT OF WORK, GIRL? WOULD YOU ENJOY SETTING UP AN "INTIREALITY" WITH ME? BETWEEN YOUR BOOBS AND MINE WE COULD MAKE THE HOLO SPHERE SPARK!

WELL, I DON'T KNOW

SPLENDID! MY LAWYERS WILL SEND YOU THE CONTRACT!

AND THIS CUTE LITTLE THING HERE, DEAR HOLO-GIRLFRIENDS, IS THE PIG OF NATHAN BORT FITTED AND READY TO KEEP HIS SENTENCE ROLLING!

I KNOW GIRLS, I KNOW!

SEXUALLY INCORRECT

ALWAYS READY!!!

No batteries needed

MIRACLES OF SCIENCE!!!

WERE IT NOT FOR HIS PAST, I WOULD ALSO SCREW THIS DOLL!!

SEX-A-LILY

ALWAYS READY!!!

CHANGE OF DIET, BOYS!!

COME AND GET YOUR RATION!!

FRESH MEAT! FRESH MEAT!

THIS IS WHAT I WISH TO CONCLUDE. UNFORTUNATELY THE RECIPROCITY LAW CAN ONLY BE APPLIED TO MINOR OFFENCES

THEREFORE, APPLYING THE APPROPRIATE LEGISLATION, I SENTENCE CITIZEN NATHAN BORT TO TWO YEARS OF IMPRISONMENT IN A MINIMUM SECURITY JAIL WHERE HE'LL RECEIVE AN INTENSIVE CHEMICAL THERAPY TO REBALANCE AND FINALLY FREE HIM OF HIS SEXUAL PATHOLOGIES IN ORDER TO BE ABLE TO BE REINTEGRATED AGAIN IN THE SOCIETY ONCE HIS TERM IS OVER.

SLAM

HELLO NATHAN WELCOME TO THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.

ANNIE IS THAT YOU?

OF COURSE I RECOGNIZED YOU

YOU ARE MY LITTLE PRINCES AND YOU GOTTA HELP ME

I CAN'T MOVE I CAN'T EVEN MOVE MY LIPS TO TELL THESE DEGENERATE PIGS THAT I AM A MAN DO YOU THINK YOU CAN HELP ME LITTLE PRINCES ? WILL YOU HELP ME ?

WHAT A BUNCH OF SISSIES!! WHAT A WASTE OF NATURAL RESOURCES!! I HAVE MORE THAN HALF OF MY GALLERYES UNATTENDED WHY IS THERE NO REAL MINER IN THE HALL?

THEY SENT US AN INSATIABLE BITCH!

LET'S PLEASE OUR GUEST, BOYS.

YEAAAAAAAH!

BUT PLEASE, COULD SOMEONE SHUT HER TRAP FIRST?

NO! NO! I DIDN'T WANT TO SAY THAT!

LET'S START THE SERIOUS DRILLING!!

STOP PLEASE IT'S ENOUGH!

STOP STOP NO MORE

OH GREAT! THE PROPAGANDA PAMPHLET WAS RIGHT!

THIS CERTAINLY IS A LUXURY JAIL

THEY EVEN REWARD CONVICTS WITH GIRLS FOR RECREATION

MMMMM... HOW KINDA INTERESTING ON... NOT AND SHIVERS IN A FUTURE

HA! WHAT A COMPLETE PUSSYCAT YOU ARE! YOU PURR AND EVERYTHING WITH THE SLIGHTEST TOUCH

DID YOU KNOW WHY DID THEY CONFINE ME IN HERE?

BECAUSE I INFLICTED DEADLY JOY TO MORE THAN TWENTY PUSSIES LIKE YOU

HOLY PROVIDENCE, I WILL SAVE A LOT OF TIME! I WILL PUNCH HIM STRAIGHT IN THE SOME ONE

I'M THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO PLUCK YOU OFF BITCH!

SO YOU ARE NAT'S LITTLE DOLL?
YES, HE TALKS PLENTY ABOUT YOU. DO YOU KNOW? HE SAYS THAT YOU WERE A LITTLE STIFF AT THE VERY BEGINNING, BUT AFTER TAKING A LITTLE BEATING, YOU BECAME A LITTLE WHORE AMAZINGLY VICIOUS AND OBLIGING

OH, NATHAN, PLEASE, DON'T BEAT ME. DON'T BEAT ME I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU TELL ME

IT'S AMAZING!

ONE PUNCH WAS ENOUGH TO PUT YOU FIRM IN YOUR PLACE OLD NAT IS EVERY INCH OF A GENIUS, HE MADE A HELL OF A JEWEL WITH YOU

POOR NAT. ARE YOU AWARE THAT HE'S BEEN DODDERING LATELY MY DEAR? IT'S A PITY BUT HE'S BEEN WHINING, SOBBING AND DRIVELING FOR THREE DAYS, AS IF HE WAS A PRUDISH BRATGIRL BEING DEFLOWERED

I THINK AS A RESULT OF ALL THOSE TABLETS THEY GIVE US, HE'S COMPLETELY LOST HIS MIND

MMMMM... I LOVE THE TASTE OF BLOOD IN THE MORNING. IT TASTES LIKE VICTORY!

FUCK! HOW MUCH I LIKE YOU PUSSYCAT! YOU ARE CRAZIER THAN OLD NAT

HERE, HERE >ARF ARF< ENJOY PUSSY-CAT >ARF< ENJOY >ARF ARF<

DO YOU REALIZE NOW WHAT A REAL MAN IS? >ARF ARF<

OH, YES I'M IMPRESSED! NOT BAD, BOY, FOR A PIECE OF SHIT OF YOUR NOISY TYPE

BUT NOW THAT I HAVE YOU WHERE I WANTED, LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING, AS A PRESENT FOR YOUR "SERVICES"

A PRESENT? >ARF ARF<

WHAT PRESENT?

TO KNOW THE TRUTH!

THE TRUTH? >ARF ARF< WHAT TRUTH?

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHAT YOU'VE GOT INTO?

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO SEE MY REAL ASPECT?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

ABOUT THIS RAW INTENTION

MY GOD! MY GOD! WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU? LET GO, LET GO! HOLY GOD! LET ME GO HOLY GOD, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU?!

I SEE YOUR MOST INNER SINS AND I CAN SAY THAT YOU ARE CARRION

NOOOOOOO

DID YOU KNOW, [illegible]?

THANKS TO YOUR "TEACHING" I'VE GROWN UP INTO A COLD, DESTRUCTIVE, SELFISH AND VERY PSYCHOPATHIC BITCH! WHO USUALLY ENJOYS TORTURING OTHER BEINGS, BUT TO BE TRUTHFUL, ONLY SINCE YOU'VE HELPED ME TO TRAUMATIZE, MANIPULATE AND DESTROY WHOLE WORLDS! IF WE HAD TO MEASURE OUR "SPIRITUAL" LEVELS, YOU'D BE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE DEEPEST OCEAN, AND I'D BE A MOUNTAIN TALLER THAN EVEREST! I'M A MONSTER, AND EVEN I CAN'T IMAGINE YOUR SUFFERING! SO EXQUISITE, MAGNIFICENT AND INTENSE! BUT I'M NOT GOING TO DO IT IN YOUR PRESENCE BECAUSE YOU MAY NOT UNDERSTAND IT, BUT I HOPE YOU'LL LOVE IT FROM MY INNERMOST BEING, AND I'LL DO MY BEST SO THAT YOU NEVER AWAKE FROM THIS NIGHTMARE WHERE I'M CERTAIN YOU'LL ALWAYS BE INSIDE WITH VICTIMS, SENTENCED YOU TO TWO HUNDRED YEARS OF SAME VACATIONS IN THE "SUN"

UGH, THE TV FOR THE LAW, I WILL LIKE YOU TO DIE IN AGONIZING PAIN, THE END OF YOUR MIND, WHERE IN ANY OF MY SYSTEMS CONSCIOUSLY, LIKE YOU WILL SEE YOU, AS IF YOU WERE A WALL TO SATISFY ANY NEED INVOLVED IN THIS

STOP STOP PLEASE, IT'S ENOUGHHHH !

IT'S AMAZING HOW VERY REAL CAN NIGHTMARES BE, ISN'T IT?

I DIDN'T CARE IF I DON'T SEE YOU AGAIN, BUT-WHY DOING SUCH A THING?

WHETHER YOU KNOW THE REASONS YET OR NOT ON THE FUTURE WILL ALWAYS PAY OF YOUR CRIMES OR WOMAN.

>CACA<

>CACA<

NEVER AGAIN

PRIVATE NIGHTMARE
KEEP OUT!

AN OLD PHILOSOPHER HAD ONCE TOLD HER THAT A PERSON'S SOUL INSIDE THEIR BODY IS LIKE A GIFT INSIDE A BOX

A RARE AND PRECIOUS GIFT WRAPPED IN BROWN PAPER AND TIED UP WITH STRING.

AND JUST LIKE THE BOX, A PERSON'S SOUL CAN BE SIGNED FOR, IT CAN BE SEALED AND IT CAN BE DELIVERED.

IT CAN ALSO BE STAMPED OUT..

NO PARKING

NEWS AGENTS

BUS STOP

2

LAST COLLECTION
5-30 PM
MON - FRI

AGENT 88

'GOING POSTAL'

AGENT 88 CREATED BY
BIGGER MESCH

SCRIPT BY DAVID & SIMON MILLGATE
ARTWORK BY DAVID MILLGATE - 2013

BE MISDIRECTED

AND GET SENT STRAIGHT TO HELL!

8.08 AM. MONDAY... SOMEWHERE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON

POST OFFICE

IT'S JUST ANOTHER DULL WORK DAY AND SHE'S JUST ANOTHER YOUNG GIRL WHO'S LATE FOR HER SHIFT BEHIND THE WINDOW AT THE POST OFFICE COUNTER.

SO EVERYTHING LOOKS AS-PER-USUAL.

BUT LOOKS CAN BE DECEIVING. AND ACROSS TOWN A GANG OF YOUNG HOODLUMS IS ALSO IN A HURRY

ERR GUYS!

MY HERMAN MUNSTER MASK DOESN'T SODDIN' WELL FIT!

DON'T WIMP OUT ON ME FRANKIE! JUST DO LIKE I SAID AND IT'LL ALL GO LIKE CLOCKWORK.

CITY CENTRE

ONE WAY STREET

AND I ALREADY TOLD YOU, YOU'RE NOT HERMAN NAFFIN' MUNSTER...

YOU'RE BORIS FUCK N' KARLOFF!

TAX IN POST

WE JUST HAVE TO SCARE THE LIVIN' BEJESUS OUT OF EVERYBODY AND THEY'LL HAND OVER THE POSH.

BISH... BASH... BOSH!

AND IF ONE OF THE STAFF STARTS ACTING ALL HEROIC, THEY'LL SOON CAVE IN IF YOU WAVE YOUR GUN IN SOME OLD PENSIONERS FACE!

SHE DIDN'T MIND WAITING IN A QUEUE THE PASSAGE OF TIME NEVER MADE HER ANGRY

IN HER YOUTH SHE'D TRAVELLED WITH A WISE CHINESE MAN NAMED KONG AND HE'D ONCE TOLD HER AN ANCIENT CHINESE PROVERB

POSITION CLOSED

QUEUE HERE!

.."IF YOU CAN BE PATIENT IN ONE MOMENT OF ANGER YOU WILL ESCAPE ONE HUNDRED DAYS OF SORROW"

ALL RIGHT .WHO'S FIRST?

OPEN

I BELIEVE THAT WOULD BE ME!

GOOD MORNING MY DEAR AND HOW DO YOU DO? I'D LIKE TO HAVE MY PICTURE TAKEN PLEASE!

ERR... THE SIGN OUTSIDE SAYS POST OFFICE.. NOT PORTRAIT STUDIO!

BUT I WAS INFORMED THAT YOU HAD ONE OF THOSE NEW FANGLED MACHINES HERE. THE ONES THAT TAKE YOUR PICTURE WHILE YOU SIT AND WAIT...

ISN'T THAT SO?

YOU DIDN'T NEED TO QUEUE FOR A PASSPORT PHOTO. THE BOOTH'S BY THE DOOR... WHERE YOU CAME IN.

TAP!

ARE YOU BLIND?

OSITION LOSED

THESE EYES MAY NO LONGER BE AS BRIGHT AS YOURS MISS, BUT I CAN STILL SEE QUITE CLEARLY...

..THAT YOU POSSESS [illegible] WHATSOEVER

THANK YOU AND GOOD DAY!

CHINA... 1888 AD. CAN'T USE THIS!

NOW .. WHERE DID I PUT THOSE ENGLISH COINS?

PARAMOUNT PHOTOGRAPHS

WHAT ABOUT THE FIRST EDITION OLYMPIC ONES. DO YOU HAVE ANY OF THOSE?

Honey

WE DON'T STOCK COLLECTABLE STAMPS HERE. WE'VE GOT THE ONE WITH THE FAMOUS FACE ON. .AND THAT'S IT

FAMOUS FACE..

WHO?

THE QUEEN!

NEXT!

OH DEAR .. THIS OLD THING'S IN A WORSE STATE OF REPAIR THAN I AM! I CAN'T GET THIS TROUBLESOME CONTRAPTION TO WORK.

BUT I KNOW A MAN WHO CAN!

TAP! TAP! TAP!

TH S FINE GENTLEMAN IS ONE OF HER MOST TRUSTED FRIENDS. HE'S ALSO HER TECHNICAL GURU, A GEN US NVENTOR AND HER GO-TO GADGET MAN

ERR...

NO MR SHIFT .. I MUST ADMIT I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT!

MMM...

SHIFT

WELL... IT USUALLY WORKS FOR ME!

SHIF

WHAT'S THE TIME MUM?

8 25.. TIME TO GET INTO POSITION

OK.. IT'S JUST AROUND THIS CORNER

REMEMBER WHAT I SAID. IN A ROBBERY SITUATION UNEXPECTED THINGS CAN HAPPEN, BUT IF WE STAY CALM AND STICK TO THE PLAN NOBODY GETS HURT

..AND IN FIVE MINUTES WE'LL ALL BE RICH!

LOOK! I JUST NEED A STAMP FOR THIS BLOODY LETTER!

SECOND CLASS. Y'KNOW.. LIKE THE SERVICE N TH'S PLACE!

I'M SORRY SIR

Honey

..BUT I CAN'T SEE ANY BLOOD ON THAT LETTER

Honey

EH?

YOU SAID THE LETTER WAS BLOODY S R

Honey

FA-BOOM!!!

OH! NOW THERE'S SOME ON IT

UH..

OK...

DON'T BE SHY! STEP ON UP CUSTOMER$...

WHO'S NEXT?

KA-CHAK!

ERR.. I'LL CALL YOU BACK MR SHIFT I TH NK I'VE GOT A SITUATION.

BLAM!!!

POST OFFICE

C'MON TOBY. TIME TO GO!

YEAH. GET GONE KID COUNT DRACS IS HERE. .TO COUNT THE CASH!

BETTER LISTEN TO YA MUMMY!

WHAT!!!!!!

FRANKIE SAYS RELAX!

OK... THIS IS A ROBBERY!

ANYONE MOVES A MUSCLE AND THEY'RE..

...DEAD!

FRANKIE SAYS...WHAT THE FUCK?

WELCOME TO THE PARTY GENTLEMEN.. YOU'RE LATE!

NICE COSTUMES THOUGH. NOBODY TOLD ME TH S WAS GO NG TO BE A MONSTER MASH!

'GAG!'

LOOKS TO ME LIKE MISS HONEY'S BEAT US TO IT. SHE'S ROBBIN' THE PLACE.

SINGLE HANDED!

NO. I JUST WORK HERE.

I WAS GONNA KILL ME A RABBIT NEXT..

BLAM!!!

BUT SOME MUTHA ALWAYS HAS TO GO AND JUMP THE QUEUE!

THE LOOK IN HER EYES TELLS ME THAT SHE'S NO TH'EF.

SHE'S A PSYCHOPATH!

TOSS!!!

BALL GAMES AREN'T ALLOWED IN HERE...OLD LADY!

NO?

SSSSSS!!!

WELL.. LET'S PLAY HIDE AND SEEK INSTEAD

C'MON BUGSY!

S-WOOshhhh!!!

MUMMY'S DEAD SHE BLEW THE BACK OF HIS HEAD CLEAN OFF!

ERR, I THINK WE'VE LANDED IN SOME SERIOUS SHIT HERE BOYS!

YEAH... BUT IT'S STILL THREE AGAINST ONE.

WE'VE STILL GOT THE UPPER HAND!

-THUNK!

BLAM!!!

yAAARRGH!!!

BLAM!!!

I BEG TO DIFFER!

DON'T WORRY DRACS.. I'VE JUST BURIED A SLUG N THE MUMMY MURDER N' SLAG!

YA.. JUST ..HIT ..ME... YOU USELESS PIECE OF SHIT!

UH!!

FRIENDLY FIRE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU GET IF YOU MIX YOUTH, GUNS AND A NERVOUS TRIGGER FINGER.

WHEN WHAT'S REQUIRED IS A BLADE, A STEADY HAND AND SOME GOOD OLD FASHIONED, DYED IN THE WOOL... EXPERIENCE!

T-Tinggg!

EXCUSE ME! CAN I LODGE A COMPLAINT?

ALL THIS GLASS ON THE FLOOR...

F-LICK!

'SIGH'

WHAT ABOUT IT?

ARRRGH!!!

S-pluck!!!

QUITE HAZARDOUS!

YOU BLINDED ME, YOU.. SENILE OLD.. HAG!

THERE'S NOTHING SO AGONZING TO THE FINE SKIN OF VANITY

AS THE APPLICATION OF A ROUGH TRUTH.

S-lice!!!

NOOOO!!!

BITCH!

OR..IN THIS CASE..A SHARPENED BLADE!

BUT IT'S REALLY A SHAME.. TO HAVE TO MAIM... SUCH A PRETTY LOOKING ANGEL..

S-WHISH!!!

WHAT'S WITH... THE WORD PLAY? YOU SOME...KINDA POET GRANNIE?

K-CHOK!

POETRY IN MOTION, M'DEAR! AND WHOEVER SAID THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD...

HAD CLEARLY NEVER COME ACROSS MINE!

P-TOW!

S-WOOSSHHH!!!

CLANG

YOU MAY BE A REAL HONEY ..

THUD

BUT I'M THE ONE WHO FLOATS LIKE A BUTTERFLY

AND STINGS LIKE A BEE!

SHUFFLE

UGH!

N...EXT!

HEY .. MRS DOUBTFIRE! FORGET ..ABOUT HER

I'M DY N' OVER HERE

CALL.. ME A...FUCKIN' AMBULANCE!

YOU'RE A FUCKIN' AMBULANCE!

NOW .. WHERE WAS I?

WAK

Plop!

LET'S HOPPIT BUGSY! BEFORE HER MAJESTY'S BOYS IN BLUE ARRIVE.

'SNIFF!'

HELP .ME! I'M. .GOIN'.. I'M. GOIN' .I'M COLD

SO COLD .AND SO ...THIRSTY

OH.. .C'MON DRACS! THERE'S PINTS OF THE STUFF EVERYWHERE..

GET LICKING!

THE END...

For more info on **AGENT 88** go to: www.agent88films.com & www.facebook.com/agent88films

IRON FIRST
STORY AND ART
STEFANO CARDOSELLI

ONE MAN STANDS AGAINST AN ARMY OF 300,000.

SKILLFULLY SWINGING HIS SWORD, DUKE KROEGEER NEEDS NO ARMY AT HIS SIDE.

THE ARMIES OF THE NORTH ARE NOTHING FOR THE SACRED SWORD OF HURON.

DO NOT COUNT ON THE TASTE OF VICTORY, YOU DOGS! I PREY YOU ENJOY THE TASTE OF YOUR OWN BLOOD!

THE TRUE LIMITS OF HURON'S POWER WERE UNKNOWN TO THE WORLD. PASSED DOWN FROM HIS FATHER, KROEGEER ONLY KNEW THAT IT WAS THE VEHICLE BY WHICH HE WOULD DEFEND HIS PEOPLE.

NEXT.

KILL/
KILL/
KILL/

HURON
PROTECT
MY KINGDOM.

WITH YOU
I AM UNSTOPPABLE!

THE BATTLE WAGED ON FOR MONTHS...

OH MIGHT HURON,
GIVE ME STRENGTH
TO DEFEAT THESE SWINE —
FOR ONCE I HAVE VANQUISHED
THEM ALL, I CAN RETURN TO MY
BELOVED WIFE.

OH BLESSED SWORD,
IN YOU I FIND SALVATION.

SOON, MY BELOVED, WE WILL
BE TOGETHER AGAIN.

THE ARMIES OF THE NORTH KNEW
THEY COULD NOT DEFEAT
THE DUKE AND HIS FABLED SWORD.

..AND SO THEY SURRENDERED.

BUT THE DUKE WAS ONLY EMBITTERED
BY THEIR COWARDICE. THEY HAD KEPT HIM AWAY
FROM HER -- AND FOR THAT THEY WOULD PAY.

PLEASE--
HAVE MERCY!

THE DUKE'S ENEMIES
PLEADED FOR THEIR LIVES

AND SO HE REFUSED
THEIR SURRENDER AND BLINDLY
CALLED UPON THE FULL POWER OF HURON.

BUT IT WAS TOO LATE.

TONIGHT,
YOU ALL DIE!

WHAT THE DUKE UNLEASHED
WAS SOMETHING
HE COULD NEVER HAVE IMAGINED.

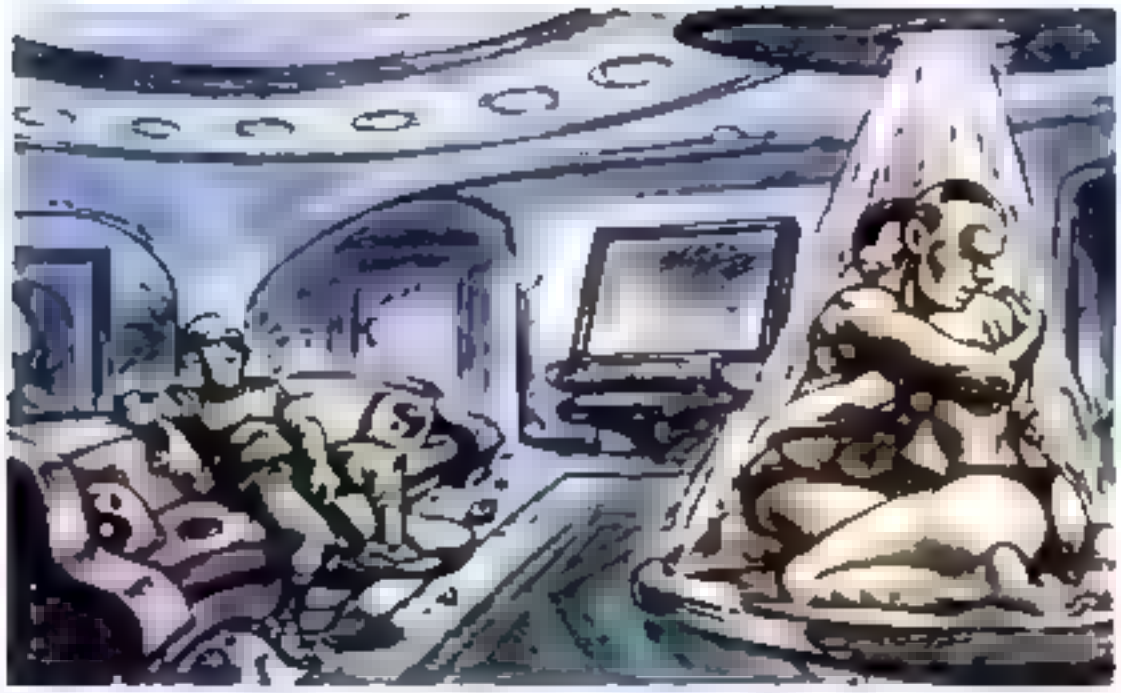
HIS ENEMIES
WERE VANQUISHED...

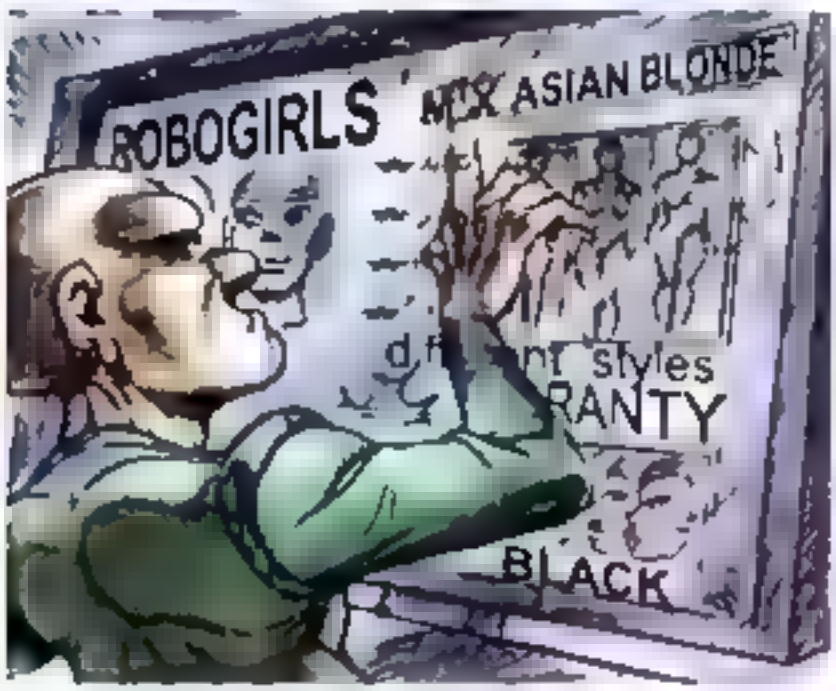
BUT THE PLANET HAD BEGUN
TO SPLIT APART

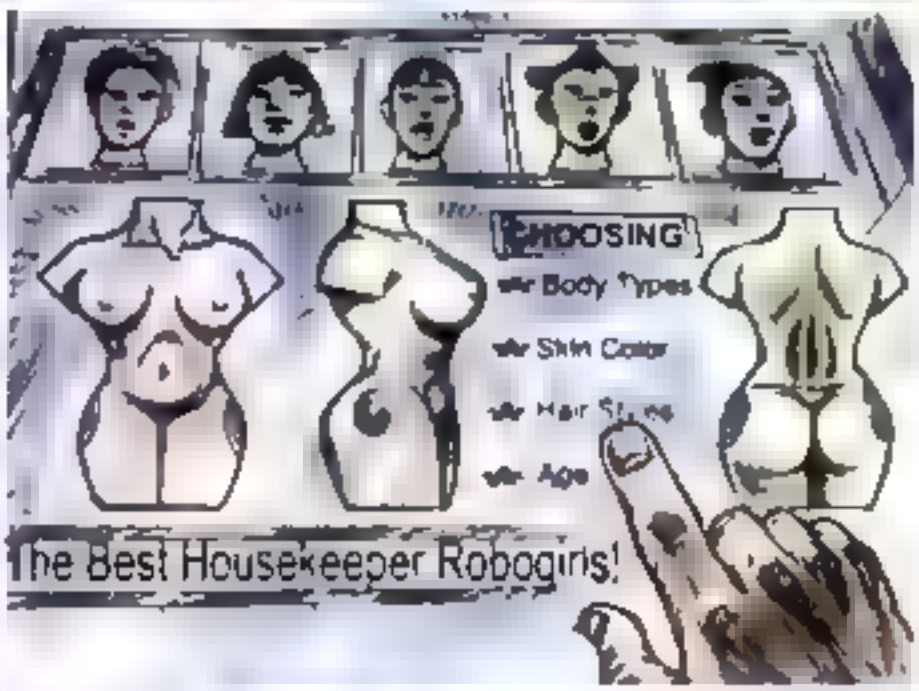
WHEN THE DUST SETTLED AND
THE TWO HALVES SEPARATED,
THE DUKE FOUND HIMSELF
ON THE WRONG HALF.

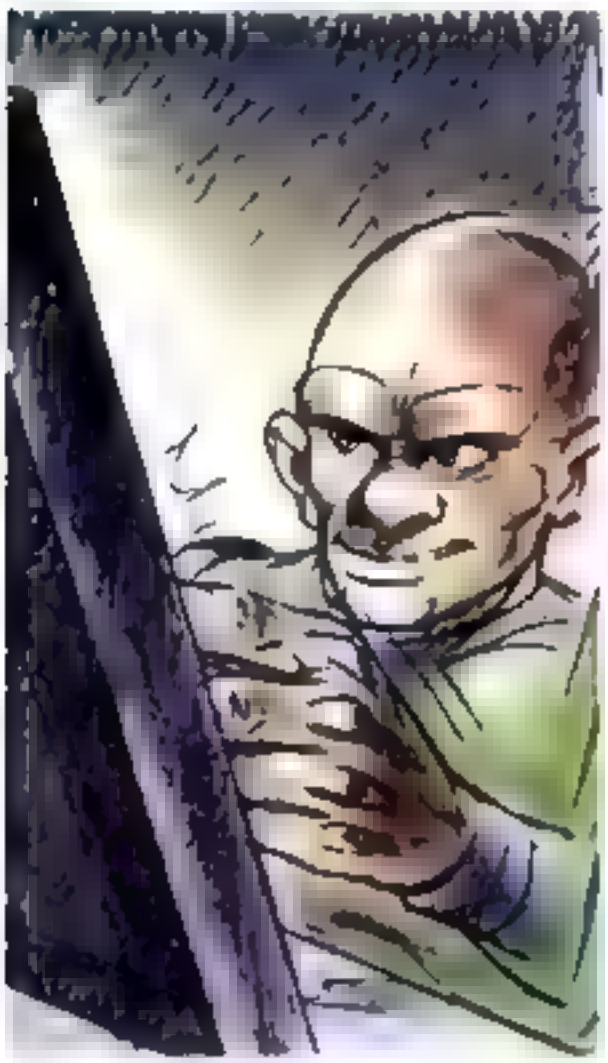
HURON HAD CURSED HIM...
...HAD SOMEHOW TELEPORTED HIM TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BREAK...
HE WAS ALONE, NOW.
CURSED TO FOREVER LOOK UPON HIS BELOVED FROM A DISTANCE, KNOWING THAT NOW — THERE WAS NO WAY HOME.

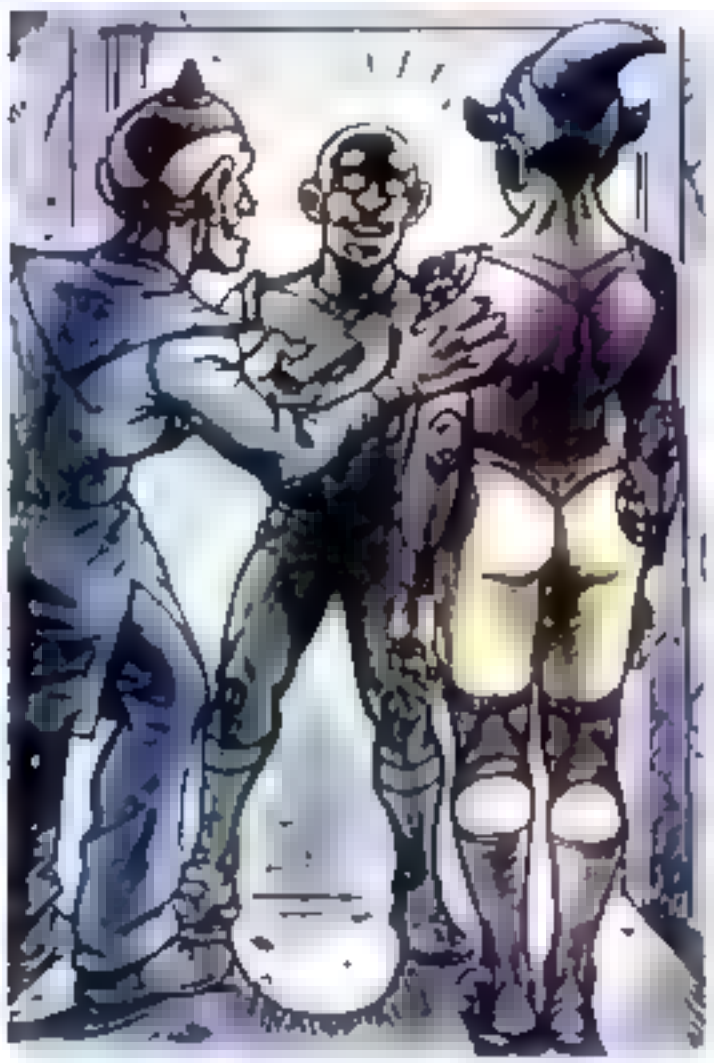
By TAYYAR

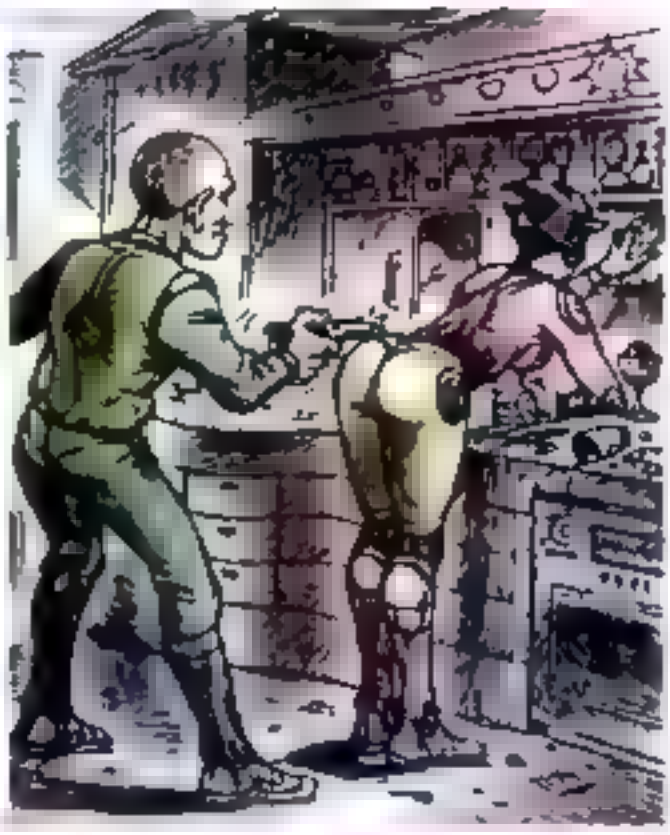


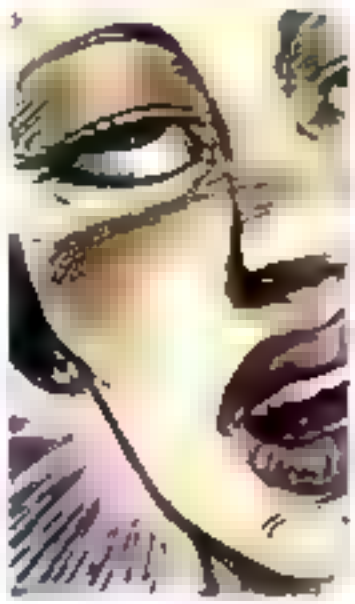

ROBOGIRLS
MIX ASIAN BLONDE
d nt styles
RANTY
BLACK

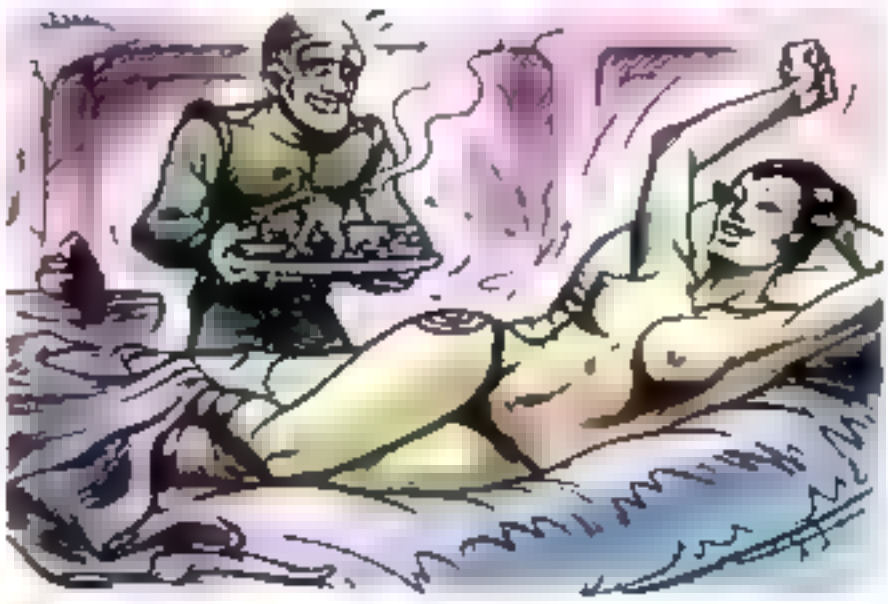

CHOOSING
Body Types
Skin Color
Hair Style
Age
The Best Housekeeper Robogirls!











tayyarozkan.com

TALES OF DEAD EARTH

by Christian Krenil

NORWAY
BERGEN

THE ROMEROS DO NOT FOLLOW ME ANYMORE.

COME IN YOU ARE SAFE HERE.

YOU MAY WONDER WHY THEY DO NOT FOLLOW.

THEY ARE FEELING - IT -

THE FANTOFT CHURCH WAS BUILT ON PAGAN GROUND

SOME BLACK-METAL CULTISTS DECIDED TO TAKE A STAND AGAINST CHRISTIANITY AT THE END OF THE 20TH CENTURY.

THE STAFF CHURCH WAS ALMOST COMPLETELY INCINERATED.

THE HARM TO THE THRESHOLD WAS FAR WORSE.

FINALLY HE HAD HIS BLACK DOORWAY.

FINALLY HE EMERGED FROM HIS AGE OLD SLUMBER.

HE CHOSE ME.

PH'NGLUI MGLW'NAFH CTHULHU R'LYEH WGAH'NAGL FHTAGN.

FUCK

AND NOW ME CRAVES FOR A FRESH CHUNK OF HUMAN FLESH!

GUSTAF JOHANSEN WAS RIGHT

COMMONLY HE PREFERS ALTAR BOYS.

TODAY YOU WILL SATISFY

SASHIMI ANYONE?

YOU SHALL GIVE BIRTH TO THE COMING AGE OF THE GREAT OLD ONES.

CRAP

HHRRRK!

CTHULHU'S ONLY BLACK SEMEN WANDERED THROUGH COLON STRAIGHT INTO MY HEART ME OLD GOD COULDN'T SAVE MY MISERABLE LIFE

YOU ARE NEXT.

UMPF!

THAT HURT YOU MORE THAN ME!

IF ONUK THE CRAVING OF ONE IS STRONGER

..THE HERD WILL FOLLOW.

YOU THINK THEIR FEAR IS STRONGER THAN THEIR HUNGER?

GREAT OLD ONES...

PHEW!

FHTAGN!

HAVE FUN BOYS..

click

.. AND BON APPE-TITE!

KIRBY PARTICLE DETONATOR

-TZZK- SCHNEIDER OMEGA MASSIF EMC-POINT FAST. I GOT NOSEBLEED -TZZK-

-TZZK- SCHNEIDER HERE - BOT IT, CAPTAIN LIGHTSPEED. -TZZK-

EPILOGUE

THE END

TITAN GRAVE — FRAGMENT A

SHE IS HERE.

DAMNED.

NEVER A TRUER WORD SPOKEN, SEEKER.

THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT LONG TERM EFFECTS THE DRUG HAS. OR THE SYMPTOMS OF WITHDRAWAL.

DEATH WAS A COMMON SYMPTOM IN THE ADDICTS I SAW IN THE CELLS.

STILL NO RESPONSE.

I THINK THIS MIGHT HAVE BEEN A WASTED TRIP.

HELLFIRE, SHE'S AWAKE!

PRINCESS WA...

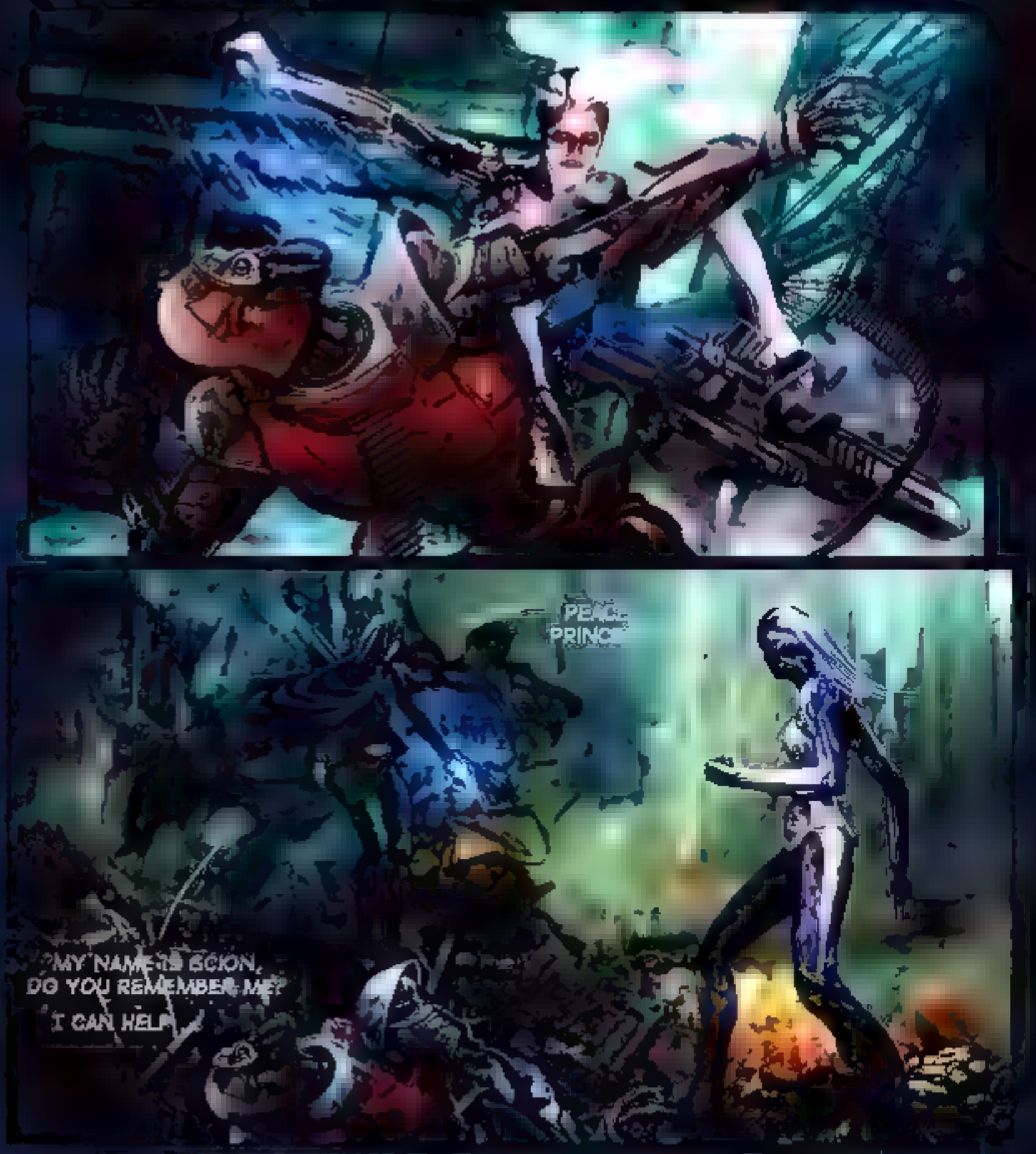
WE'RE HERE TO TAKE YOU...

STAND DOWN!
STAND DOWN!

TARGET IS UNARMED, I REPEAT...

TARGET ACQUIRED.

BAM


PE
PRINC
MY NAME IS ECION,
DO YOU REMEMBER ME?
I CAN HEL
SEEKER, THE HYPO
I CAN'T HOLD
HER FOREVER

HOLD STILL...

DO YOU THINK SHE'LL JOIN US?

WHAT MAK- HER TICK, SHE'L DANCE TO OUR TUNE.

SHE IS THE PERFECT

FOR THE JOB.

I USED YOU TO FIND HER, AND I'LL USE HER TO CRACK OPEN THIS GOD-FORSAKEN PLANET.

THAT'S ALL VERY-WELL, SCION, BUT WHO IS USING *YOU*?

FRAGMENT END

BATTLEFIELD X

by FRANK FORTE

FIVE YEARS IN THIS *SHITHOLE* I ALWAYS WANTED TO GO TO *EUROPE* AND NOW LOOK AT IT

IT WAS A *FUCKING WASTELAND* OF *RADIATION GERMS* AND *CHEMICAL TOXINS* THAT WOULD FRY YOUR LUNGS AND ORGANS AS SOON AS YOU TOOK A BREATH

I HAVEN'T TASTED *REAL AIR* IN *YEARS*

WE CAN'T EVEN TELL EXACTLY WHERE THE FUCK WE ARE. THE ENEMY'S *EMT BOMBS** WIPE OUT ALL OF OUR ELECRONICS AND MAKE OUR *GPS DEVICES* USELESS

WE GET 'EM *FIXED* AN' THEY *KNOCK 'EM* OUT AGAIN.

WE'RE RUNNING AROUND LIKE *BLIND MICE*, AVOIDING TRAPS AND LOOKING FOR CHEESE

THE CHEESE IS *VICTORY*.

AND THERE AIN'T NONE IN SIGHT

* ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE.

WE'VE JUST BEEN IN A *HELL* OF A *FIREFIGHT*. TWENTY-FIVE CASUALTIES ON OUR SIDE NOT SURE HOW MANY ON THE R S DE, BUT *BY GOD* I HOPED IT WAS *A LOT*

WE NEED A WIN TO *BOOST MORALE* SOME *DECENT* GRUB AND A *SHITLOAD OF* REINFORCEMENTS.

MY SQUAD IS *TIRED* WE HAVE BEEN FIGHTING FOR DAYS AND NEED A REST

I KNOW ALL TOO WELL THAT THERE *ISN'T* GOING TO BE ONE

BATTLEFIELD X TM & © AND TM FRANK FORTE 2012

WE HAVE *PLENTY* OF AMPHETAMINE TABS TO GO AROUND.

WE *NEVER* SEEMED TO RUN OUT OF THOSE. THEY KEEP YOU AWAKE AND ALERT CURB YOUR APPETITE.

THE NEGATIVE WAS THEY *FUCKED* WITH YOUR *HEAD.*

FIVE DAYS WITHOUT SLEEP CAN LEAVE YOU A BIT *PARANOID.*

THAT'S *NOT* SOMETHING YOU WANT ON THE BATTLEFIELD

MOST OF MY SQUAD WERE GOBBLING THEM LIKE CANDY

IN CIVILIAN LIFE YOU WOULD CALL THAT A *JUNKIE*

HERE YOU CALLED IT A *COMBAT READY GRUNT.*

INCOMING! WATCH YOUR HEAD!!!

RRRR

LET'S GET ONE THING STRAIGHT PRIVATE, I'VE HEARD THAT *GUNG-HO SHIT* FROM YOU NEWBIES BEFORE AND I'M *SICK OF IT!*

YOU NEED TO KEEP YOUR *HEAD ON STRAIGHT* OR YOU'LL GET IT *BLOWN THE FUCK OFF!*

DON'T GET AHEAD OF THE SQUAD AND ALWAYS LISTEN TO *MY COMMAND* WHEN WE'RE OUT IN THE FIELD! *YOU GOT THAT, PRIVATE!?*

YES SIR, SERGEANT!

YOU *FUCK UP* ONE TIME AND YER GOIN' HOME IN A BODY BAG!

WE DID *GOOD* TODAY AND HQ IS *PROUD* OF US. BUT WE NEED TO *STRIKE AGAIN* WHILE THEY'RE *OFF GUARD!*

IT'S ANOTHER *IN-AND-OUT* WE NEED TO TAKE OUT BUNKER 17 ON HILL 137

LISTEN UP LADIES!

WE JUST GOT INTEL FROM HQ. THE *ENEMY* IS *REGROUPING*

ONCE WE MAKE IT PAST THE PERIMETER, HALF OF YOU WILL HOLD THE LOCATION. THE REST WILL FALL BACK AND RETRIEVE *AMMO AND WEAPONS*

WE'LL HOLD THE POSITION UNTIL THE TANK SUPORT ARRIVES WHICH WILL BE SOME TIME TOMORROW

REMEMBER THESE COMMIE *SONS-OF-BITCHES* KILLED OUR BROTHERS.

AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO LET THEM GET AWAY WITH IT!!

FORGET THE GODDAMN GENEVA CONVENTION! THESE ANIMALS ARE USING TORTURE ON OUR P.O.W.'S! TAKE NO PRISONERS!

WE WANT A HIGH BODY COUNT!

OKAY, LET'S GET THESE BASTARDS!

MORE ORDERS TO TAKE OUT ANOTHER BUNKER FROM ANOTHER FUCKIN' HILL

THE SAME AS YESTERDAY AND THE DAY BEFORE.

I TOLD MY SQUAD TO CARRY EXTRA AMMO AND GRENADES.

OUR ANXIETY WAS HIGH, BUT WE POPPED OUR SPEED PILLS ANYWAY

THE COMMAND IS GIVEN TO ADVANCE AND OFF WE GO DIRECTLY INTO THE LINE OF FIRE.

I LEAD THE CHARGE, PAST THE BODIES OF MY PLATOON THAT WERE KILLED JUST A FEW HOURS PRIOR.

TCHOW!

BOMBS AND BULLETS ARE GOING OFF IN QUICK SUCCESSION

BLAT-TAT-AT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

KA-THUM

WE'RE BEING PUMMELED BY ARTILLERY FIRE. THE SOUND IS DEAFENING.

BRAT-TAT-AT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TT-TAT

TWO GUNNERS IN A RAT'S NEST SHOULDN'T BE THAT DIFFICULT

OH FUCK... OVER THE RIDGE A COMMIE BATTLE-TANK.

HEAVY ARMOR WE'RE NOT PREPARED FOR.

KTHOOM!

MORE TANKS! THEY NEVER SHOWED UP ON THE RECON!

WE'RE FUCKED!

KBOOM!!

MOVE TOWARDS THE HILL, LET'S TAKE OUT THE BUNKER FIRST!

BRAT-TAT-AT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TT-TAT

CONCENTRATE ON THE EASIEST TARGET AND THEN WORRY ABOUT THE TANKS

BRAT-TAT-AT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TT-TAT-

BRAT-TAT-AT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TT-TAT-

FIRE!!!

KBOOM!!

FWOOOSHK!

BUNKER 17'S BEEN TAKEN OUT! ADVANCE UP THE HILL!

KRKOW!

F-THOOM!

WE GOT 'EM SARGE!!

EASY KID, KEEP YOUR HEAD--

BRAT-TAT-AT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TT-TAT-

BRAT-TAT-AT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TT-

PTK-KTOOW!!

--DOWN!

SHIT

TKOW!

PKOW! TKOW!

PKOW!

-AT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TT-TAT-

FORWARD, GODDAMN IT!!!

BRAT-TAT-AT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TT-TAT-

ANOTHER TANK BRIGADE!!

FALL BACK!!

FLLIP!

FLLIP!

FLLIP!

PKOW!

BRAT-TAT-AT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TT-TAT-

WE'RE OUTNUMBERED AND OUTGUNNED.

TKOW!

PKOW!

TTOOM!

KRKOW!

CHRIST!

THIS IS IT!

BRAT-TAT-AT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TT-TAT-

BRAT-TAT-AT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TT-

KKBOOOM!!

TKOW!

PKOW!

ALMOST.

ALMOST

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT

I DON'T THINK ANYONE ELSE MADE IT BACK

I'M THE *ONLY ONE.*

PKOW!

TKOW!

WE'VE BEEN *SLAUGHTERED* LIKE *PIGS!*

INCOMING!!!

GET DOWN!!

TKOW!

SERGEANT, ARE YOU INJURED?

I'M FINE

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? YOU STRAIGHT FROM BASIC?

PRIVATE AX42019 REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR.

I TRAINED UNDER *COLONEL JOHNSTON* AT *FORT BRAGG.*

LET'S GET THESE *BASTARDS!*

FIENDY

STORY & ART
GT BECKS

LETTERING
DAVID PAUL

SOMEWHERE IN A PLACE KNOWN AS THE INCOMPLETE GALAXY, A BRILLIANT ARTISTIC, SCIENTIFICAL GENIUS IS AT WORK CREATING, DESTROYING, AND BUYING A SHITLOAD OF TOILET PAPER.

BUT THIS IS A DIFFERENT TYPE OF ARTISTIC GENIUS. MANIACAL AND COMPLETELY UNHINGED. SHE SCOURS SPACE, SEARCHING FOR THE FORGOTTEN SHELLS THAT WERE ONCE FLEETS OF POWERFUL AND MIGHTY GALACTIC VESSELS, DESTROYED IN A WAR THAT ENDED LONG AGO

ASSEMBLING AND ASSIMILATING, SHE CREATES HER OWN DESTRUCTION FROM THESE DISCARDED PIECES OF HISTORY. A RADICAL FORM OF ANTI-ART LOATHED AND FEARED THROUGHOUT MOST OF THE GALAXY KNOWN AS WRECKAGISM.

LESS-EAT! LESS-EAT!

CLICK

SPkKgh

LUNCHEON TIME! AND MY SECRET WEAPON AGAINST THE EMPIRE IS ALMOST COMPLETE!

UND SECRET VEAPON

P Out!

THESE HANGER DOORS ARE COMPRISED OF *FOUR PLY COMMODIUM*, AND CANNOT BE PENETRATED BY OUTSIDE TIRD PARTIES!

TIME FOR MY LUNCHEON! A COUPLE AH KRAUTSKIES AND SOME VIENERWURST SOUNDS MIGHTY GOOTZ!

GUTTED

LASH!

COLD CRANIAL NOODLES? LICORICE SCOTCH? AND A BONG?

CRANIAL Noodles

OOZENSCHEISSEN! FOOD FOR THE STARVING ARTIST. I HAVE TO START SPENDING THE NIGHT ON MORE OF MY FRIEND'S COUCHES!

bung cntl

open the damn doors to cargo 14

OH SHIT!

IT COULDN'T BE! COULD IT BE? ATROCIOUS TONAGE FROM MY RAPED AND PILLAGED CHILDHOOD?

EYE RETINA'S ROTATING ROUNDTABLE OF RICE AND BEANS !!!

HOW CONVENIENT! AND THEY TAKE DEBITCOES! WHICH I SUCCESSFULLY HACK FROM MOMMA'S SOCIAL SACREDITY ACCOUNT EVERY MONTH!

WHAT'S SIFFIN MY SISTER?

YOU GUYS REALLY GET OUT THIS FAR?

WE JUST EXPANDED TO EIGHT SECTORS PLUS SECTOR NINE AND SEVEN EIGHTS NEXT WEEK.

THAT'S WUNDAVOLL!

WHATLL Y BE? CARE TO TRY THE FIVE FOUND GRAVITY VERSUS MASS CHEESATOID ?

GIVE ME TWO VIENERWURST AND A KRAUTSKIE

KAZZHOCO

WOW! WARP SPEED SERVICE

HERE'S OUR NEW LASTICAL BUSINESS CARDS

OONTZ!

AND REMEMBER YOU DIDN'T SEE ME AND I WASN'T HERE

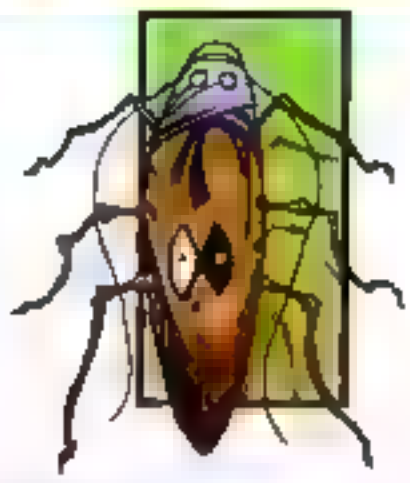
DAMN! I LOVE THIS *VIENERWURST*. I'LL JUST HAVE TO EAT AROUND THE SEVEN LEGGED *ROACH* THAT'S MASHED INSIDE THE LETTUCE

NOT TOO FAR OFF, IN THE NEXT SECTOR OF SPACE

THIS IS GENERAL STAGNITE [illegible]

I WAS BEEN [illegible]

TIME FOR VITA VON FIENDHEMMER [illegible] STEALTH AGGRESSION



WE HAVE RECEIVED VITAL INFORMATION FROM AN INSIDE SOURCE THAT FIENDHEMMER IS SECRETLY PREPARING A MEAL ON WHICH IS HIDDEN DEEP WITHIN THE BOWELS OF PLANET BA... C 9. HIS ATTENTION ON THE FROST CHASE OF MY PLAN TO TAKE FIENDHEMMER'S PLANET WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS

WE HAVE ALSO MET EYE RETINAS ROTATING ROUNDTABLE OF ROSE AND BEANS TO EXPAND THE 7 BUSINESS OF NINE AND SEVEN EIGHTS SEVERAL OF THE GALAXY AND FLORA LOCAL REASON FOR RETINAS NOTORIOUS FOR A SERIES OF HEALTH VIOLATIONS OF LIONS WHILE WE HAVE USED TO OUR ADVANTAGE ONE BEING ROACH INFESTATIONS ON EGORIAN [illegible]

THIS AFTERNOON WE INFILTRATED THE ROUNDTABLE'S ROOMIES WITH OUR SPECIAL TRAINED BLACK BELT NINJA ROACHES WHICH ARE NOW DISGUISED AS NORMAL ROACHES AND HAVE INVADED THE INNER WORKINGS OF PLANET BA... C 9. WE HAVE INSTALLED MANY TELEPATHS IN THEIR INTELLIGENT BRAINS TO BEAM BACK ALL INFORMATION REGARDING THIS SECRET MEAL ON TO OUR SPACE SEASONS

AFTER ALL INFORMATION IS BEAMED BACK TO THE RADIOLAND THE BLACK BELT NINJA ROACHES ALL TOGETHER THERMONUCLEAR EXPLOSION ON PLANET BA... C 9 WILL BE [illegible] FIENDHEMMER!

AFTER WHICH WE SHALL ALL RETURN HOME AS HEROES. AND GET LAID LIKE EGGS FROM HAPPY CHICKENS AT THE HEIGHT OF THE SWEATY SOLAR SOLTICE. NOW, DOES ANYONE HAVE ANY QUESTIONS?

ZZZZ

ZZZZ

DAMN DELTA BRAIN WAVES.

THE NEXT MORNING.

FEED

FE

HOZENBUFFEN, SWITCH TO ROACH VIDCAM ONE PLEASE

X/Y : 0 234 1 2 START 0 V: 90

WHAT IS THAT SIR ?

ZOOM OUT VIDCAM ONE SEVENTEEN PIXELS.

EEEEP!

OAYyAM!

HUUUGGG!

ZOOM BACK IN
HO ZENBUFFEN
ZOOM BACK IN!

HURRY
DAMMIT.

THE
CONTROLS
SEEM TO BE
MALFUNCTIONING
SIR.

R7

73

OKAY! OKAY!
SWITCH TO VIDCAM
TWO NOW.

SWITCHING, SIR.

HMMM.
LOOKS
MECHANICAL

ZOOM OUT
TWENTY PIXILES

EEEEEK!

BARF
!

DAMN
THAT'S HOT

OH
DEAR LORD,
SHE HAS AN
UNMOUTHE!

HMMM, MY BROTHER HAD ONE OF THOSE TOO

LOOKS LIKE SHE'S HAVING A GOOD, DEEP SCRATCH SIR AND I MEAN DEEP

PERVERTS! THIS ISN'T OFF DUTY PORN! SWITCH TO VIDCAM THREE

THERE ARE TWO ROACHCAMS LEFT; THERE IS NO WAY FIENDMEMMER CAN BE *FOUR* PLACES AT ONCE! NO ZENBUFFEN! MAKE SURE YOU HAVE *NORMAL* MAGNIFICATION THIS TIME! ***NORMAL MAGNIFICATION!***

AHH.. NOW WE ARE GETTING SOMEWHERE.

I SAY WE ARE LOOKING STRAIGHT INTO THE COOLANT TANK OF A DEADLY NUCLEAR REACTOR

LOOKS LIKE THIS HER CRAPPER, SIR.

SWITCH TO VIDCAM FOUR! SWITCH TO FOUR! SHUT OFF THE VIDEO *TURN DOWN THE SOUND! HURRY!*

VIDCAM FOUR IS NOT RESPONDING, SIR.

OFFF

BLOOP

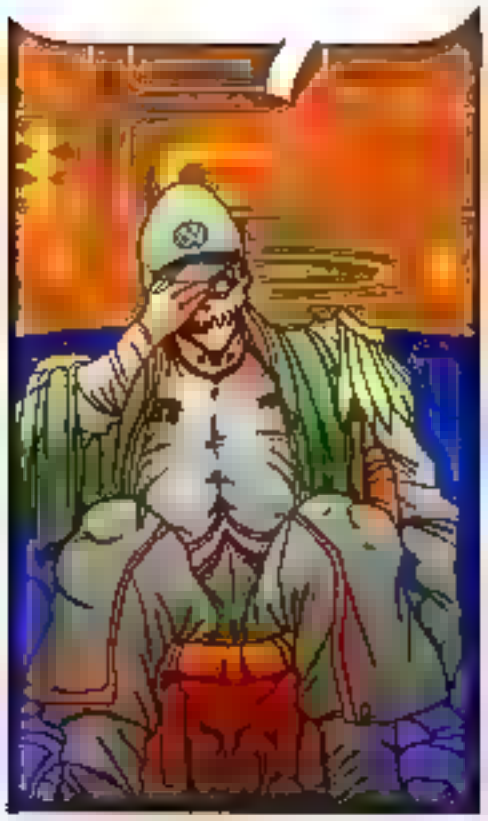
OUH!

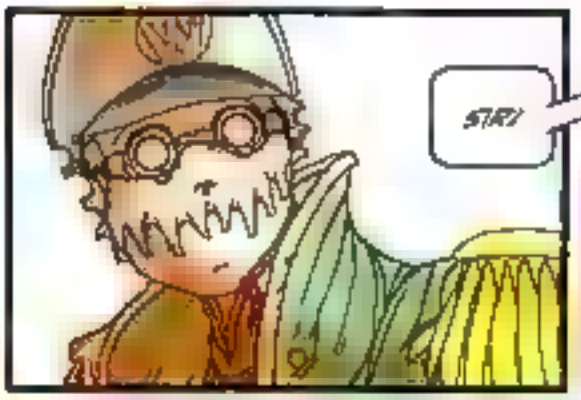
I SAID SHUT THE VIDEO! NOT THE LIGHTS YOU *FOOLS!*

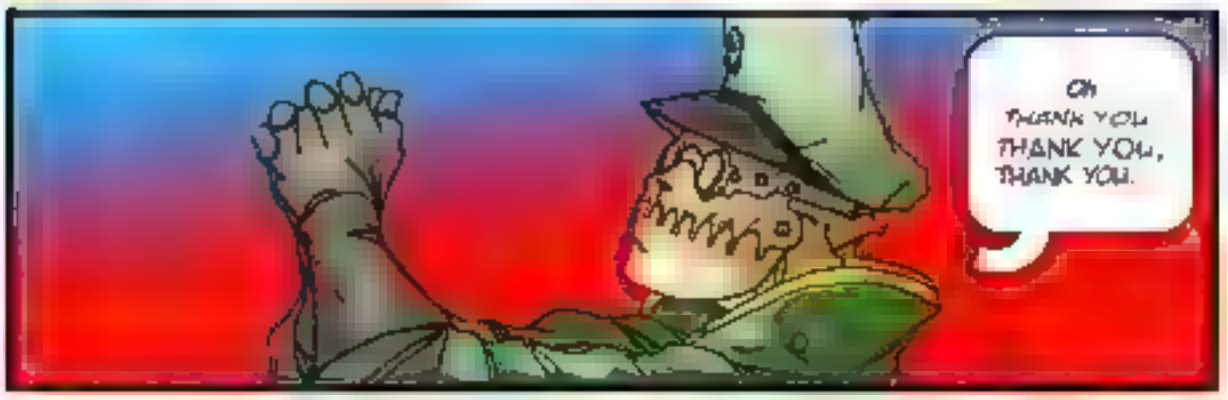
PHRRT!

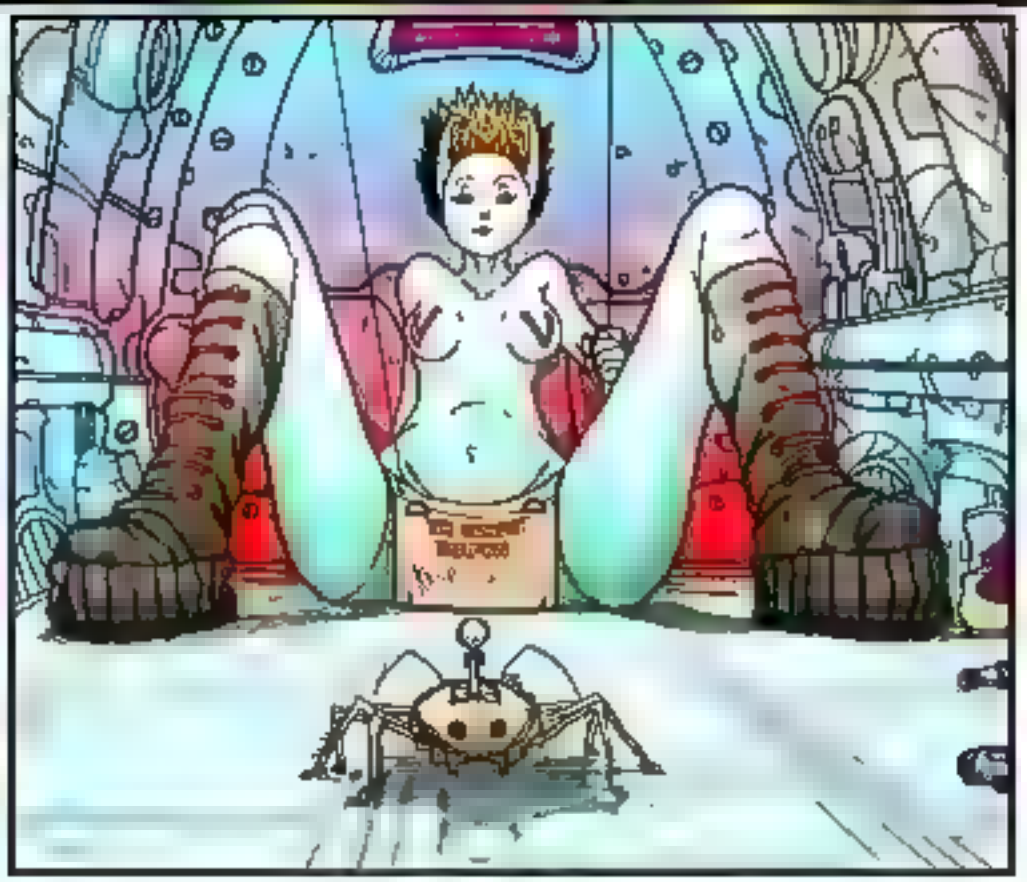
SIR, IS IT A BAD THING THAT I'M GETTING AROUSED BY ALL THIS ?

JEEZ
I HATE MY LIFE
WHY OH WHY DOES MISFORTUNE ALWAYS BEFALL ME? I WAS A GOOD CHILD, I NEVER CHEATED IN SCHOOL. I PAY MY TAXES ON TIME, I ALWAYS YIELD AT THE INTERGALACTIC TRAFFIC CIRCLE.
WHY ME, OH WHY.
OH WHY









HEHEHEHE HEHEHM

ARTISTS RB WHITE STUDIO

Like everyone, I started developing my love for comic books and animation when I was a kid (and I'm very grateful to have been born before the age of video games and the internet dominated people's time). My favorite comic books back then were "Alan Ford" (by Magnus and Bunker), "Blueberry" (by Jean Giraud), "Gaston" (by Franquin), "Conan" (by Buscema), "Aster Blistok" (by Ribera) and many, many more.

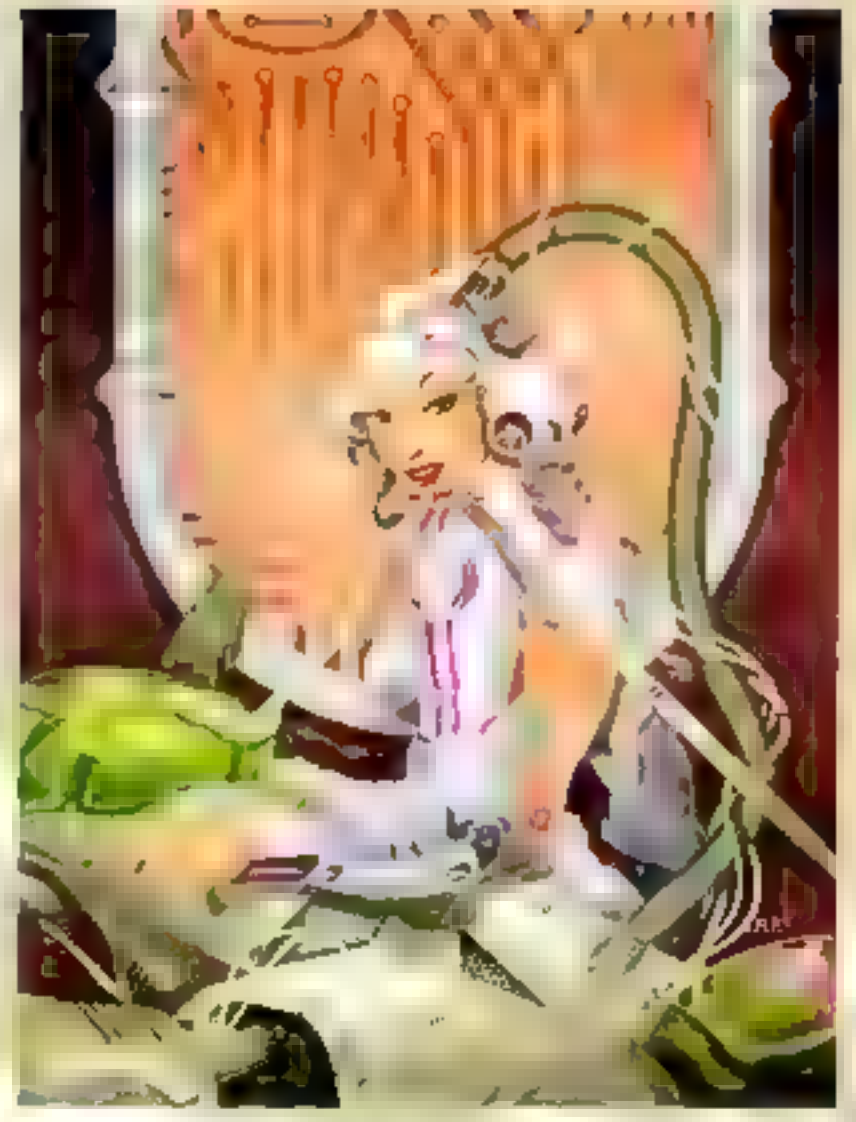
I started working at an animation studio when I was very young. It was there that I met a bunch of older guys who were crazy about animation and comic books. Their enthusiasm was infectious and had a huge influence on my life - I'll always be very grateful to them for that. Working in animation is very demanding, and I worked hard every day, learning about all of the various jobs in the field, soaking in as much as I could. I was still reading, (and now drawing) comic books in the evenings at home. Working daily on a wide variety of projects forced me to become better, and gave me the opportunity to become a one-man studio by the time I was only 25. As a freelancer, I've worked for animation companies, publishing houses, advertising agencies... you name it, I've done it!

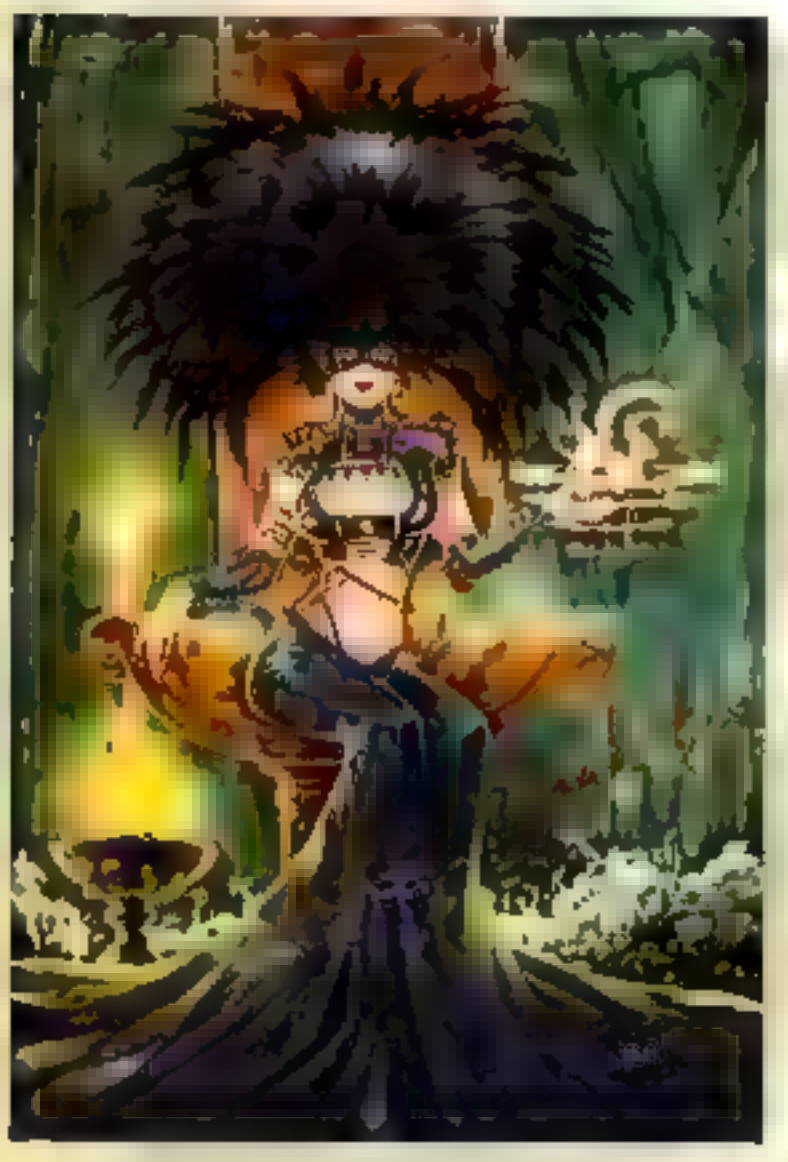
I've had the pleasure of working for clients such as Hallmark, Universal Pictures, Hasbro, Yowza Animation, Scholastic, J Walter Thompson and some of my work has been featured in books and magazines such as *Expose 10*, *Exotique 7*, *Fantasy Artist Magazine*, *Imagine FX*, *Hustler* (Canada) – it's been a very fulfilling career.

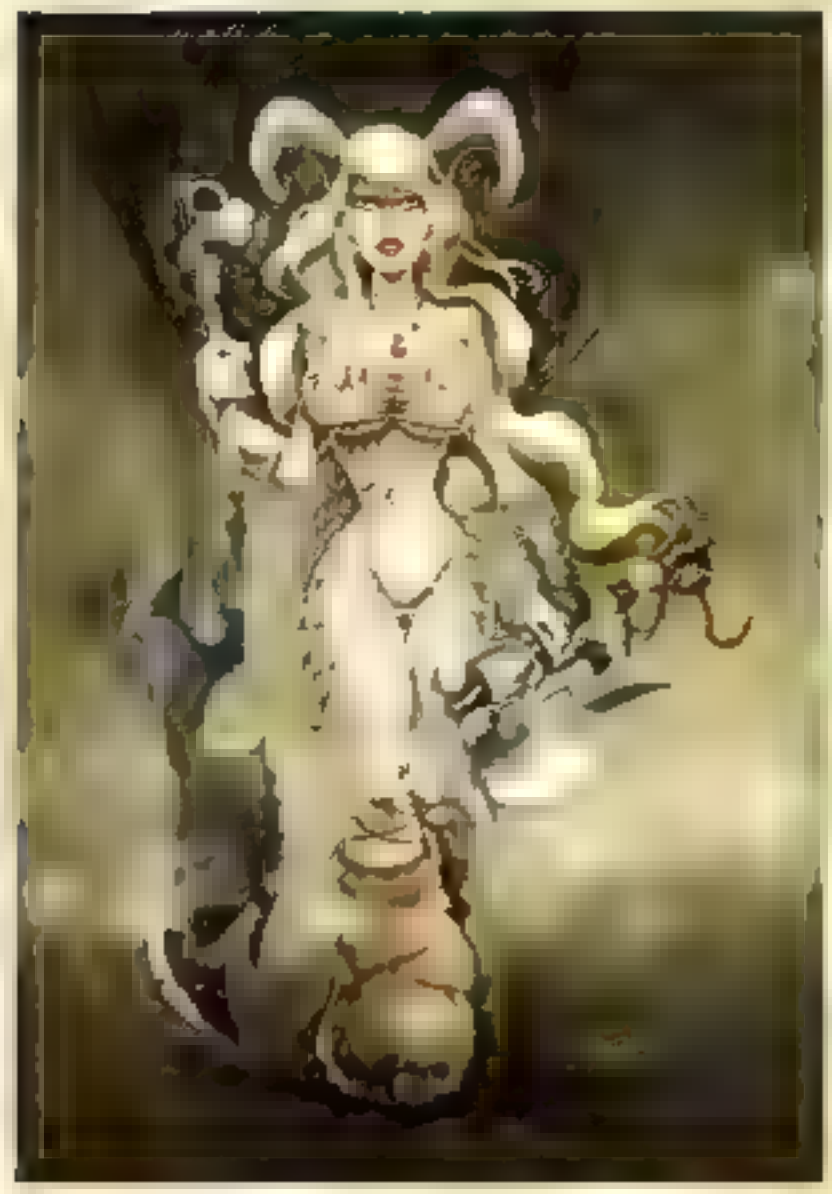
In the 1990s, I published four graphic novels, but I wanted to do something more, so in late 2011 I got in touch with Alberto Ruiz, a terrific artist and publisher who liked my work. In 2012, we made a beautiful book, "The Art of RB White," featuring (you guessed it) a collection of my artwork from over the years. It's devoted solely to my pin-up work and it's full of beautiful girls – featuring full-color digitally painted illustrations as well as a bunch of rough pencil drawings. Please check out Brandstudiopress.com for more information.

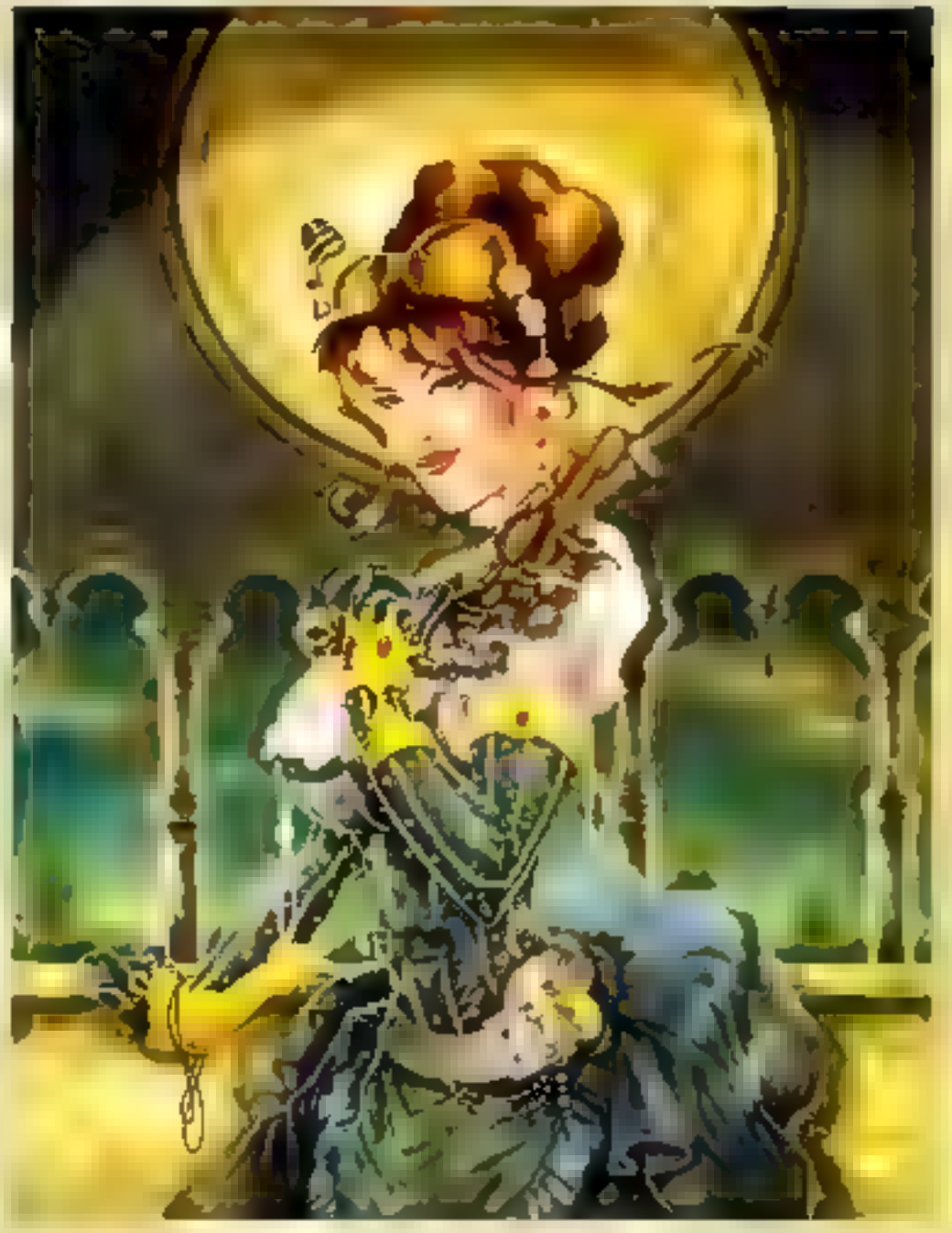
All of these things wouldn't have been possible without the support of my family – my beautiful wife and two kids. After many years of traveling, we now live in the small city of Oakville, ON, Canada where I (thanks to that pesky internet) continue to design, draw, paint and enjoy each day creating fun images for clients around the world.

RB White









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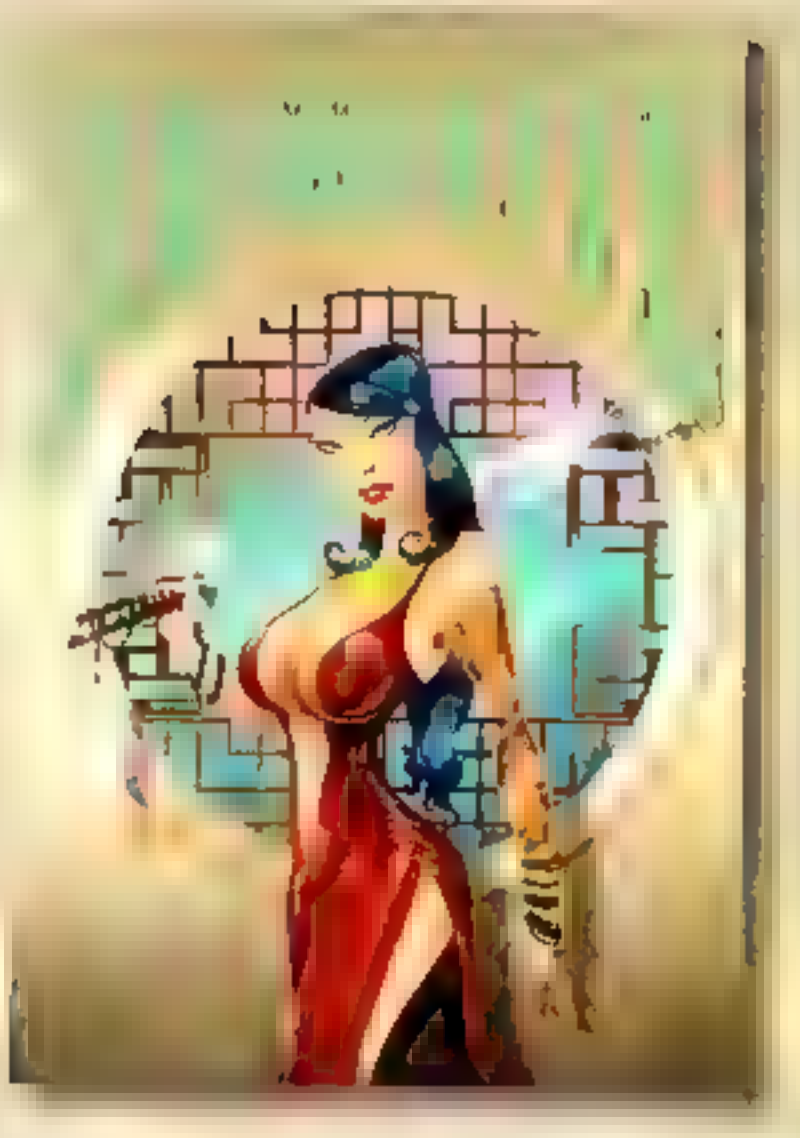
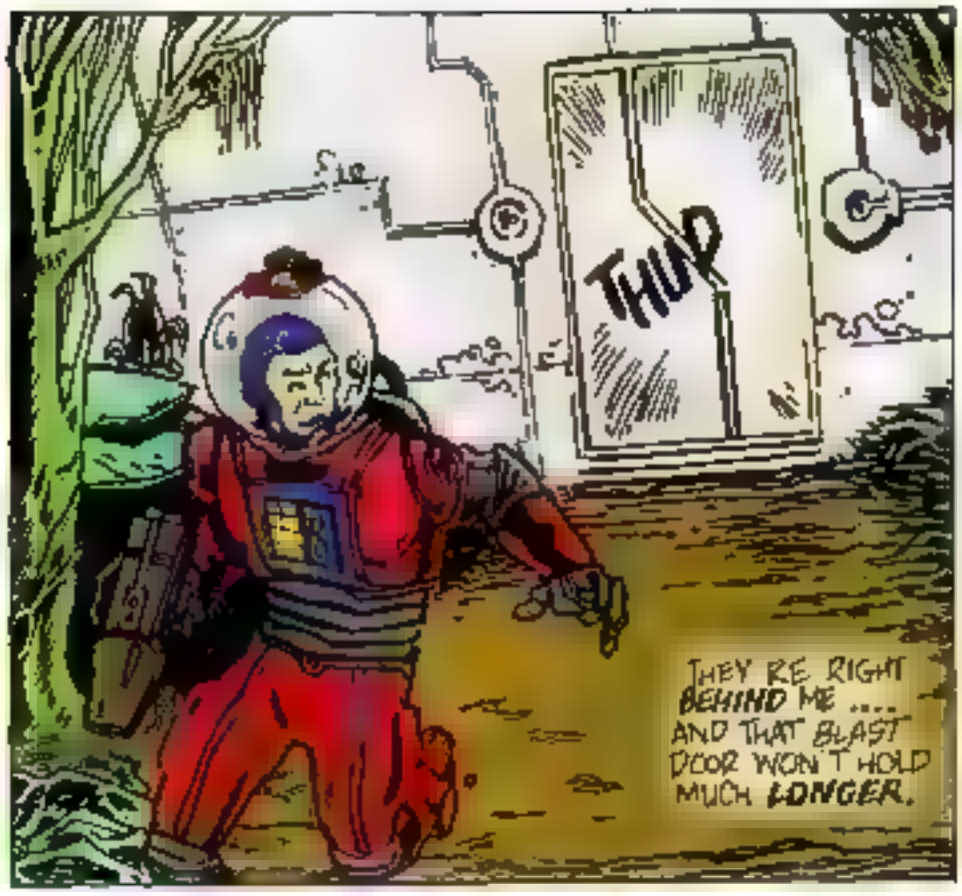
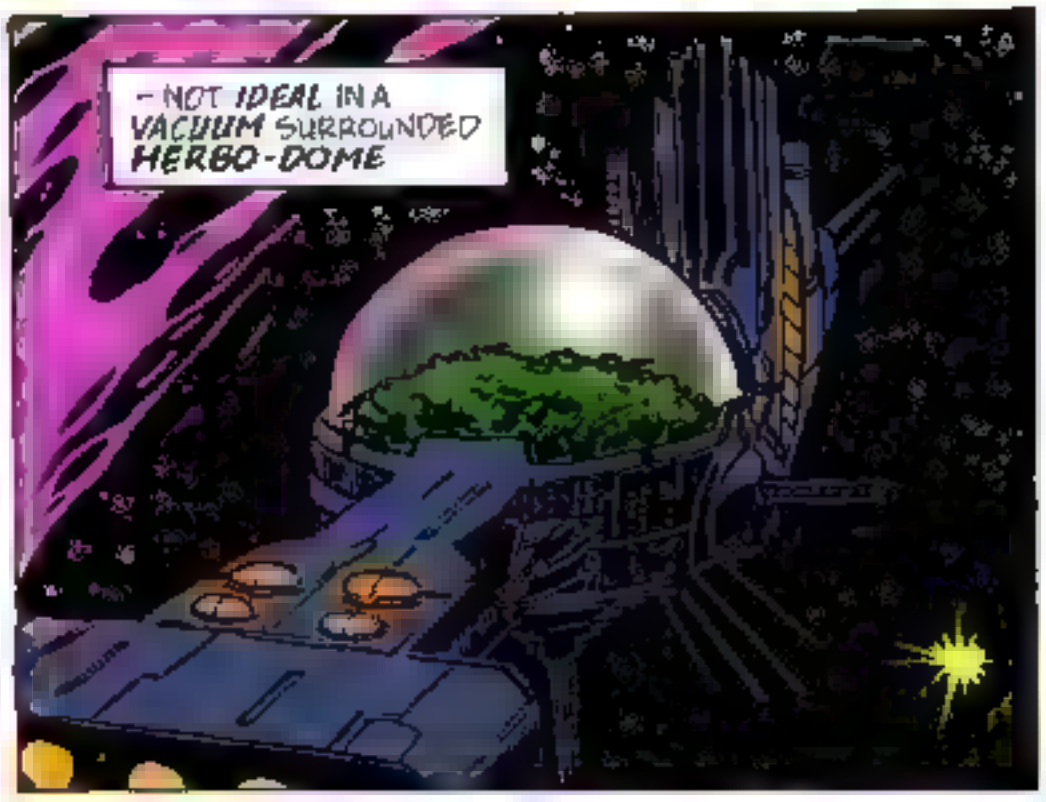


THE VAPOR CLOUD

BY JIM TERRY





IT HAD ALL HAPPENED SO VERY **FAST** – AND HORRIBLY **SLOW** AT THE **SAME TIME!**

ER...

CAPTAIN– IT'S THAT CLOUD AGAIN– DIRECTLY **AHEAD!**

IT CAN'T BE– DID IT CIRCLE US?

TOO LATE TO MANEUVER– WE'LL HAVE TO PASS **THROUGH** IT!

THE CAPTAIN WAS WORRIED THAT IT HAD UNKNOWN PROPERTIES–

–AND IT DID!

CAPTAIN!

ALL CREW! CODE ONE ENVIRO-SUITS! NOW!

THE VAPOR PASSED THROUGH THE SHIP WALLS AS THOUGH THEY WERE MADE OF SCREEN DOORS!

AH... MY CREW...

...JOHN?

MY CREW...

C... CAPTAIN?

WE SHOULD LEAVE, **NOW.**

TASTY... TASTY CREW...

MMMM!!

AAAAA!!

BEFORE WE COULD **REACT**, DANNY THE NAVIGATOR KILLED **CANDACE!**

JOHN!

I SLAMMED AN AIRLOCK VALVE -

DANGER

AND SHOT THROUGH THE SHIP -

- LIKE A **BULLET.**

STRAIGHT THROUGH TO THE HERBO - SPHERE ! I SALVAGED THE EXPLOSIVE CHARGE AND LOCKED MYSELF **IN...**

BUT THEY WERE **RIGHT** BEHIND ME!

BANG

OKAY, YOU *BUMS*! YOU'RE NOT GETTIN' ME WITHOUT A **FIGHT!**

WHAM!

I DIDN'T STOP TO THINK THAT THE VAPOR HAD PASSED THROUGH THE **HERBOSPHERE!** IT HAD **MUTATED** THE **PLANTS!!**

CRUNCH

GOOD LORD-

NO TIME NO CHOICE

P..M!

SO...

...THERE IT IS.

INTO THE HEART OF THE **VAPOR CLOUD.**

INTO THE UNKNOWN

AND WHATEVER COMES NEXT.

END.

ORCLAND

HELLO FOLKS!

I'M YORK, AND WITH ME IS MY FRIEND BARK, THE SEASONER

FOR TODAY WE'LL PREPARE "SOLE CHOWDER", A POPULAR DISH FROM THE SWAMPLANDS. LET'S SEE WHAT WE NEED

SOME PINCHING SEEDS FROM THE UPO FRUIT, THE FRESHER THE BETTER.

ZEST FROM A GREAT PUN PUN SNAIL, THIS ONE IS TRICKY TO GET! BUT WORTH IT.

AND OUR SECRET INGREDIENT: MUCUS FROM THE BOLO FUNGUS... LOTS OF IT!

THAT'S IT! SIMPLE AND DELL...

DON'T FORGET THE BROWN SALTS!

OH! YES, THAT TOO

USE A LONG POLE TO ATTRACT THE SEEDS WHEN YOU SPOT SOME RIPE UPO FRUITS.

I LIKE TO PUT SOME HONEY ON THE TIP TO ATTRACT THE SEEDS.

SNIP

SNIP

SNIP

THEN CAREFULLY GET CLOSE TO THE FRUIT AND THE SEEDS WILL START JUMPING.

BE SURE NOT TO TOUCH THE FRUIT OR THEY WILL JUMP ALL AT ONCE.

UH OH

SNIP

SNIP

THE PUN PUN SNAIL IS OFTEN FOUND ALONE ALONG MARSHES

GRUNCH GROMP

YOU HAVE TO BE QUIET AND HIDE WELL.

THEY MAY BE BIG, BUT THERE'S ONE THING THEY'RE AFRAID OF.

SO, WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT, TAKE YOUR SHAKER, JUMP OUT AND SHOUT...

SALT!!

EEEEEK!

THE SOLE IS NOW EXPOSED AND WE CAN SCRAPE THE DELICIOUS ZEST.

OUR SNAIL IS A LITTLE TICKLISH, BUT HE'S ACTUALLY ENJOYING THIS.

GUUUUH

SO, NOW WE NEED TO GET SOME FRESH MUCUS, FROM THESE SURPRISED LOOKING HANGING FUNGI.

THIS WILL GIVE OUR CHOWDER THE RIGHT CONSISTENCY AND AN EXTRA FLAVOR WHICH VARIES SLIGHTLY FROM COLONY TO COLONY.

BE CAREFUL, THE STUFF IT'S VERY STICKY.

MY COUSIN HARK LEARNED IT THE HARD WAY.

THE BOLD FUNGUS LIVES IN THE HUMID ARMPITS OF THE GIANT ROCKY TOAD.

THIS IS GROMO, MY FAVORITE TOAD. VERY FRIENDLY AND NOT TOO TICKLISH, WHICH HELPS AVOID THOSE FUNGI ACTING UP.

WE JUST GENTLY FOLD A BIT OF MUCUS FROM THE TOAD INTO OUR JAR, AND HE WILL PROBABLY NOT NOTICE AT ALL.

RASP RASP

CROAK?

SPURRRT

PFFRRT

STAY CLEAR OF TREMBLING FUNGI HEADS AND YOU WILL BE HOME SAFE.

NOW WE HAVE ALL THE INGREDIENTS AND WE ARE READY TO PUT THEM ALL TO-GETHER.

A STURDY SEAT POUCH WILL HELP US MATURE THE INGREDIENTS AND WILL BLEND THE FLAVORS NICELY.
THE MORE PORTIONS YOU WANT, THE BIGGER THE POUCH, JUST KEEP THAT IN MIND.

HEAD NOW FOR YOUR NEAREST HOT SPRINGS AND GET YOURSELF A NICE COMFORTABLE GEISER TO SIT.
BRING SOMETHING TO KEEP YOU BUSY DURING THE HOUR THAT TAKES FOR THE MIX TO BE READY.

EACH CHEF HAS THEIR OWN SET OF SPICES, AND I LIKE TO KEEP MINE SIMPLE.
I JUST GRIND THE PINCHING SEEDS WITH A MIX OF GREY SALT, GROUND SALT, RED SALT, SEA FLOOR SALT, POWDER SALT AND SNEEZING SALT, ALL IN PINCH PORTIONS.

TROK GRAM

WE NOW TAKE THE STEAMING SOUP AND SHAKE IT WELL WITH THE SPICES.
ONE TIP: ADD A COUPLE OF SPICY ROLL ROCKS IF YOU LIKE TO GIVE IT A NICE TOUCH.

SHAK SHAK

IT'S NOW READY TO SERVE, FRESH FROM THE SEAT POUCH!

DON'T FORGET TO ADD THE BROWN SALTS TO PREVENT THE BOLO FUNGI SPORES FROM SPROUTING.

UH OH

GURGGGGVE

FORGOT TO MENTION THAT THE CHOWDER IS A RICH ENVIRONMENT FOR THE SPORES TO GROW.

THE RICHER THE SOUP THE BIGGER THE FUNGUS, SO I WILL TAKE THIS AS A COMPLIMENT.

WELL, I GUESS WE'LL SEE YOU NEXT TIME WITH ANOTHER NICE RECEIPE: ROASTED BROG TAIL, SOUTHERN STYLE.
HAPPY MUNCHIN'!